

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1880.

No. 445, New Series.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By A. W. Kinglake. Vol. VI. *The Winter Troubles.* (Blackwood & Sons.)

It is very hard, unless one adopts the style of newspaper articles, or of newspaper correspondence, and thereupon deals with the popular picturesque, to write contemporaneous history. It is harder still to write the history of a war the results of which are nearly as much passed away as the passions which rendered the war possible or popular, while the motives which led statesmen or politicians to traffic in those passions are as extinct as the volcanoes of Auvergne. It is even harder to revive contemporary interest in the relative merits and demerits of two men, whom Mr. Kinglake intended to contrast, to the discredit of the one and the eulogy of the other, when one of those personages is remembered only because his errors, his crimes, and his fall are far more fully before the minds of the present generation than his temporary greatness, since he is probably estimated by the greatest part of Europe as the most incompetent ruler that ever figured on the political stage. But this is the task which Mr. Kinglake puts before himself. A great many years have passed since he published his earliest volumes on the Crimean War. Napoleon was alive then, and most of the English, French, and Italian public men who took part in the events of 1854, to say nothing of Mr. J. T. Delane, whom Mr. Kinglake now seems to consider the most remarkable instance of that "brain-power" on which the historian of the Crimean War is always dwelling. I can well remember hearing of the delight with which Mr. Delane read the first volume of Mr. Kinglake's history, and the dissatisfaction and disenchantment with which he perused the second.

They who remember the Crimean War from its beginning, and especially they who criticised the policy which induced this country to embark in that war, were ready enough to acknowledge that the motives which made the war popular in England were creditable to the English people. The European nations had spent themselves freely in the supreme effort by which the ambition of the first Napoleon was finally quelled. In the whole of European history no period has been more conspicuous for pure and patriotic feeling than the resistance to the First Empire—at first passive, after the Battle of Jena, and afterwards active, when the retreat from Moscow made Napoleon vulnerable. But when the war was over the European kings not only began anew

the old despotism—hostility to which was the wholesome element of the French Revolution—but entered into a conspiracy, under the name of the Holy Alliance, for the purpose of destroying every spark of public liberty and public spirit among the people who had saved their thrones for them. The principal agent, it was believed, in this conspiracy was the Emperor Alexander. When Nicholas succeeded Alexander it was known that a harsher and more implacable enemy to human liberty was on the Russian throne, and that he was eager to use every opportunity which might be afforded him in favour of kindred despotisms. England, which, under the impulse given it by Canning, had broken finally with the Continental system, began to accumulate distrust, and finally hatred, against the Russian Government. The Crimean War was popular because it seemed to be the only means by which to avenge Poland and Hungary.

Napoleon the Third and Lord Palmerston made full use of this feeling. The former wished to obliterate the memory of the treason by which he seated himself on the French throne; the latter wished to give effect to a policy which he had always advocated, and which he sometimes strove to carry out by crooked arts. It was believed that the war would be finished in a single summer by a simultaneous attack on the two vulnerable parts of Russia—the defences of St. Petersburg and the great fortress of the Crimea. The former part of the scheme was never feasible, notwithstanding the brags of Graham and Napier; the latter seemed likely to be speedily successful. The battles of the Crimea were victories of the first class. The Crimea was full of supplies, and there seemed to be no difficulty in investing it and appropriating them. Sebastopol, after the battles of Alma and Inkerman, was supposed to be in our hands. But the allied armies did not take advantage of their victories, and chose to winter on the heights of the Chersonese, where they had to depend entirely on supplies by sea.

Throughout the whole of this volume, Mr. Kinglake recurs with amazement to the fact that this district was selected for the winter camp, and seems to think that no one was to blame for the suffering and loss which came upon the allied armies except the Administration at home. That the harbour at Balaklava was small, that there was no road from its muddy beach to the English camp, and that a Crimean winter would test to the uttermost the endurance of the armies should doubtless have been known to the departments in England, but ought, one would have supposed, to have been better known and better provided for by those who had the management of the army on the spot. In the field the allies were uniformly victorious. Could they not hold the country which their arms had conquered? Those of us who can remember the events, and the expectations which we daily thought to see fulfilled, could hardly have imagined that what was won would be relinquished; that the allies, instead of being besiegers, were being virtually besieged, except from the sea; and that the English army had no road by which to convey the supplies which were brought them.

No one doubts the courage, the patience, the intelligence, and the patriotism of Lord Raglan, the defence of whose military reputation is plainly the principal object of Mr. Kinglake's work. But what was said of the Balaklava charge, "somebody blundered," is true of all the arrangements which were made for wintering on the Chersonese. It is a maxim which comes to us from the wars of antiquity, that he is the greatest general who makes the fewest errors. From the beginning, it was clear that the armies might have to winter in the Crimea; from the beginning it was plain that, unless these armies could hold the country, they must depend for supplies on the sea, and on a good road; but from the beginning the land communication between the harbour and camp was neglected.

Instead of discussing judicially who was to blame for this interruption in the necessary communications, Mr. Kinglake instructs his readers in the traditions of the double government of the Horse Guards and of Downing Street, and tells us how, to the manifest detriment of the public service, the House of Hanover, till the reign of her Majesty, always strove to compensate for the restraints which the Constitution puts on the administrative power of the Crown by insisting on being absolute over the army. It is easy to point to instances in which this dual authority has done great mischief, where the Crown has encroached and the Administration has been foolishly yielding, or wilfully careless. That the Government in England was unprepared for the reverses which nearly destroyed the army during the winter of 1854 may be allowed; but it is too much to say that the blame entirely rested with them, and that there was no over-confidence and no negligence at headquarters.

The best part of Mr. Kinglake's volume is that which deals with the introduction of the special correspondent to the camp, the effect which his letters had on the English public, and the particular use which was made of them by the *Times* editor. It was not difficult for any newspaper, if it were conducted with ordinary ability, and especially if it claimed to be perfectly independent of party feeling, to give utterance to that disappointment and wrath which the English people felt at the delay of their expectations and at the news which reached them about their army. Somebody must be the victim, and the victim in this case was the Peelite contingent of the Aberdeen Administration. Mr. Roebuck must have had even his vanity gratified when he carried his motion for the committee of enquiry. But the relief of the army was mainly the act of private zeal, just as the reform of the hospital administration was. Mr. Kinglake seems to be under an impression that the influence of a department is relative to the salary which its chief receives, for he traces the shortcomings of the medical arrangements to the scanty remuneration of Dr. Andrew Smith. But the fact is, every Government department wants to spend as little as it can, and to make other departments spend as much as possible. Such a principle saves trouble and wins a reputation with Parliament.

It cannot be said that Mr. Kinglake's style of treating his subject improves as he draws

nearer to its conclusion. It is perhaps in the nature of things that when a work is undertaken with a definite object, and that object has ceased to have an interest with the existing generation, the spirit and vigour of the writer flag. *The History of the Crimean War* was intended to be destructive of the reputation of Napoleon, and an *apologia* for the military career of Lord Raglan. But the former committed a political suicide which we imagine not even the animosity of Mr. Kinglake anticipated, and the latter will, in all probability, never achieve such a reputation as will point him out as one of the great English commanders.

JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS.

Guide to the Study of Political Economy.

By Dr. Luigi Cossa, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Pavia. Translated from the Second Italian Edition. (Macmillan & Co.)

Lettres d'Italie. Par Emile de Laveleye. (Bruxelles: Muquardt.)

A LAWYER is said to be a key to a library; he cannot always tell you what the law is, but he knows where to look for it. Dr. Cossa's guide is more than a key to a library; it answers in a good measure the purpose of one, putting the reader in possession of the gist of much that has been written in ancient and modern times by several hundred authors, Greek, Italian, English, French, German, Dutch, Belgian, Swiss, Spanish, and Portuguese. The only name of mark the absence of which we have noticed is that of Dr. B. Weisz, of Budapest. The amount of information comprised in the 227 pages of the volume is, indeed, marvellous, and the English version is highly creditable to the anonymous translator. One misprint only worth notice has caught our eye, at the top of p. 101, where the thirteenth century should be read instead of the eighteenth.

Dr. Cossa is not a hanging judge; out of about seven hundred writers on whom he passes judgment, there is only one (Mr. H. D. Macleod) on whom he passes a severe sentence. So impartial and temperate is he that some of his readers may sometimes wish that he were either hot or cold, and that he would declare more positively for or against one or other of the rival schools and systems of political economy he reviews. The warmly favourable judgment, however, which he pronounces on Mr. Mill will give pleasure to the admirers of that great and noble man. "The first place among English economists belongs, undoubtedly, to John Stewart Mill. . . . Even now his classical work, *Principles of Political Economy*, is the best English treatise on economics." Treating of French economists, Dr. Cossa's estimate of Blanqui's *History of Political Economy* closely accords with our own in the ACADEMY of October 2. His opinion of Bastiat also appears to us perfectly just. Admitting the great services which Bastiat rendered as an advocate of the freedom of international trade, and the unrivalled force and point of his arguments on that subject, Dr. Cossa adds, "In his *Harmonies Economiques* Bastiat expresses ideas about value, population, and rent which are neither original nor exact. They lead to an economic

optimism which closes its eyes to the possibility of social perturbations and temporary conflicts between the interests of the various productive classes." Seeking for some omission in Dr. Cossa's catalogue of French economists, we at first imagined we had detected one in the case of M. de Fontpertuis, but the name of that learned and instructive writer is met with elsewhere in the Guide. The account of the German economists will be especially interesting and useful to English readers. Dr. Cossa was, we believe, himself a pupil of Dr. Roscher, of whom he speaks in strong praise. It may be well to note that the English, or rather American, translation of Roscher's *System der Volkswirtschaft*, like the French translation, though in two volumes, gives the first only of the two German volumes of the work; the second volume, mentioned by Dr. Cossa, *National Oekonomik des Ackerbaues*, has not yet found a translator. The explanation given by Dr. Cossa of the name *Catheder-Socialisten*, applied to the new school of German economists, is hardly correct. "This not very appropriate name," he says, "has been given to the followers of the school by their opponents, because they support the principle of authority." The real origin of the nickname was that a majority of the propounders of the new views were university professors, and were therefore called Socialists of the Chair, or Academic Socialists. Dr. Cossa's general estimate of modern German political economy is:—

"The eminent position now occupied by Germany in the progress of economic studies demands from the economists of other countries a patient study of German works. Profound investigation, accurate historical and statistical research, have gained for them this position. But it cannot be denied that the German economists have many grave defects. They exaggerate their own importance in comparison with the economists of England, France, and Italy. They are too subtle, and sometimes even sophisticated or pedantic, in doctrinal controversies. We must, however, regard as ridiculous the arrogant contempt for these economists which is professed by many who are not capable of understanding or appreciating their writings."

Since Dr. Cossa's book came into the hands of the translator, one of the most promising of all the economists of Germany, Dr. Adolf Held, has been lost to Europe by a cruel accident.

Speaking of his own countrymen, Dr. Cossa says, "The first of living Italian economists is undoubtedly Angelo Messedaglia, a Veronese writer;" modestly keeping himself in the background. He is brought forward into his proper place by M. de Laveleye, who, in his *Lettres d'Italie*, speaking of the learning of the Italian economists, says:—"Quelques-uns d'entre eux, comme M. Cossa à Pavie et M. Messedaglia à Rome, sont de vrais prodiges d'érudition économique." Several of the authors of whom Dr. Cossa speaks become, as it were, visible and audible in M. de Laveleye's graphic letters to those who read French—a more limited class, it would seem from some proceedings at Oxford this autumn, than we had supposed. M. de Laveleye's reputation appears hardly to have reached some learned men at that famous university.

There are men not to know whom argues one's self unknown; and one must have lived far from the Continental world of letters not to know how considerable a place M. de Laveleye fills in it.

The rapidly increasing power of the Jews in Italy and other parts of Europe is depicted in striking terms in M. de Laveleye's present work (*Lettres d'Italie*, pp. 66-70). They are not popular on the Continent, though much less unpopular in Italy than in Germany, or in M. de Laveleye's own country, Belgium. But, popular or unpopular, they succeed in every country and in almost every walk of life; and M. de Laveleye ascribes their success to natural superiority and the survival of the fittest. Of their number, among Italian economists is one well known in England, Luigi Luzzatti, of whom both M. de Laveleye and Dr. Cossa speak in high terms. In M. de Laveleye's account of an interesting conversation with him, a quotation from Virgil has received an awkward twist from the printer. Of Minghetti, the statesman, a curious story, illustrative of the relations between the brigands in Sicily and the peasantry, is told by M. de Laveleye. Minghetti goes every year to Sicily to visit a domain, and is given an escort to protect him, which for the last two leagues leaves his carriage to proceed alone. On his enquiring with astonishment, on one occasion, why he was thus deserted, the commander of the escort replied, "You have nothing to fear now. The brigands never attack a proprietor on his own land. That would displease the peasantry, of whom they stand in need." The economic condition of the peasantry, and of the poorer classes in general throughout Italy, is described by M. de Laveleye as most unsatisfactory; but he sees no danger at present from socialism any more than from clericalism.

We are happy to say that Mr. Herbert Spencer is in much greater physical vigour than he appeared to M. de Laveleye at Mentone last year. Nor has M. de Laveleye done justice to Mr. Spencer's works and intellectual powers; and we imagine that in this case also he has jumped to a conclusion from a hasty glance.

Everyone who goes to Italy this winter ought to take with him the *Lettres d'Italie*, and everyone who is not going ought to read them in order to study Italy at home.

T. E. C. LESLIE.

The Defence of Rome, and other Poems. By Ernest Myers. (Macmillan.)

New and Old: a Volume of Verse. By John Addington Symonds. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

It is a pity that Mr. E. Myers, who has already published two or three volumes of verse marked by genuine feeling and sweet expression, should not take more pains in cultivating his art. Even singers require practice and training, however great their natural gifts; and this is especially the case with a voice like that of Mr. Ernest Myers, which, though it is sweet and possesses a few good notes, is of small compass and deficient in strength and quality. As might be expected, it shows to greatest advantage in short and simple poems. In these, to drop metaphor, though

the tone is sad, occasionally verging on the morbid, as in "The Exile" and "A Dirge," and some of the best in design, as "The Singer" and "Stanzas," are marred by carelessness in execution, he shows freshness of thought and tenderness of feeling. The following verses, called "The Doubts of Grief," are as good as any:—

"And is she truly dear to God
Who made a thing so fair of her?
The painful path her feet have trod
Has not for that been easier.

"Perchance beyond the barrier dim
Whereto her sad steps draw anigh,
God waits for her whose eyes on Him
Are waiting till their daylight die.

"Perchance, perchance—but ah! we know
Of all this nothing; it may be
That where the thin ghosts gloomward go
Is sleep and silence utterly.

"At least, even so no dreams shall mock
That sleep with their beguiling wings
Which now her fitful slumbers rock,
Then leave her to the truth of things.

"That sleep it is another sleep
Than any she has known before,
Dreamless it is, and calm, and deep,
And needs not any watching o'er."

The level of execution in these verses is by no means even. The writer who was capable of producing the second and last verses should not have been contented with the third and fourth; but it is more even than in most. The motive of "Stanzas" (p. 67) was worth more careful treatment; and the pretty sonnet called "Sponsa Deo" is quite spoilt by the last line. Mr. Ernest Myers has written a good deal of verse, and we hope he will write more; but he has yet to learn that the finest design in poetry, as in sculpture, may be spoilt by want of patience in the use of the chisel.

He has also to learn that there are some things he cannot do. It is singularly unfortunate that he should have chosen for his longer efforts one of those metres which Mr. Swinburne has, for this generation at least, made his own. With the "Hymn to Hesperia" and the "Song of the Standard" ringing in his ears, he might, however, have been expected to produce verses of finer temper than those in which he has essayed to tell "The Defence of Rome" and to translate a portion of Homer. How far he has challenged a comparison may be seen from the opening lines of the poem which gives its title to the book:—

"Rome, thou art named as of Strength, and thy
glory is sprung of the sword,
From thy birth in the ancient tale the War God
was thy father and lord;
All feebler birds of the air were amazed and
folded their wings
When thine eagles swooped on their prey, over-
shadowing peoples and kings."

We quite agree with Mr. Myers in his praise of this metre, with its "unequalled combination of rapidity with dignity of movement." We also agree that it is well fitted to represent the Homeric hexameter. It is indeed an hexameter, with a monosyllable for the last foot and any amount of licence in regard to the first; but it requires a more perfect ear and greater strength of voice than are at present at his command.

Probably there is no one living who would be more competent to undertake the task of translating Homer in this metre than Mr.

J. A. Symonds. He has already shown, by his translation of the sonnets of Michelangelo and Campanella, and his studies of the Greek poets, no ordinary qualifications for such an undertaking, and some of his verses in the present volume—as those in the third section of a strange dream-poem called "Leuké," which commence,

"Thou shalt live! Men shall call to each other,
Behold a new star in the skies,
Our Master, our Comrade, our Brother,
All hail for the light of thine eyes"—

show that he can venture to remind one of Mr. Swinburne without arousing any very painful sense of his temerity. Those, however, who have read his former volume of original verse (*Many Moods*) will be prepared to find, among many poems which leave little to be desired, others in which the theme and workmanship are both poor. His longer poems, notwithstanding their literary skill and especially their power of description, are failures. "The Love Tale of Odatis and Zariadres" is not entertaining; the tragic story of "Imelda Lambertazzi" arouses no sympathy with the unfortunate lovers; "The Valley of Vain Desires," a very clever imaginative picture of the craving of the body for strange pleasures, is horrible without appealing, as it is meant to do, to the moral sense. Their strong point is description, but even this is often laboured and over-pictorial, as the following lines from the "Love Tale of Odatis" will show:—

"It was the hour of evening when Love's star,
Trembling beneath the melancholy bar
Of sunset, melts young hearts, and Love is nigh
In all the saffron spaces of the sky.
Swift flew the stream; the drooping apple boughs,
Glossed in its arrowy argent, framed dim brows,
Mist-wreathed with maiden tresses, of the queen,
Who stayed, a glimmering phantom, on the green;
Beneath her skirts the grass was dewy wet—
Not now with daffodil and violet,
But with pale lilac crocus flowers o'erblommed
Sad stars of autumn; and the air, perfumed
No more with April blossoms, held the scent
Of fruits autumnal; heavy branches bent
Their golden freightage of ripe spheres to greet
Even the kisses of her dainty feet."

The limits of Mr. Symonds' art are, however, most patent when he makes his characters speak. Surely the most Oriental virgin addressing a foreign youth for the first time would scarcely use so warm an image as this:—

"In dreams, O Zaffir! when the night forlorn
Faints in the fierce embraces of the morn,"

which is a curious contrast to the very timid and cold character of the rest of her speech, which continues—

"In April, saidst thou? Deem me not o'erbold
To quit my coy retirement and the cold
Cloisters of shy concealment!—nay I shrink
And tremble virgin-like upon the brink
Of perilous parley."

It would not, however, be fair to this poem to leave it without quoting one of the many beautiful passages it contains. The Scythian Princess, in her wintry kingdom, is pining for the Persian Prince whom she has seen in her dreams.

"She watched the melancholy winter heap
Snows upon snows, and joy seemed far, and bare
Were earth and heaven within the loveless air.
So slumber with frail hope and flying bliss
Fed her young soul; but waking wretchedness
Consumed her, and life daily grew to be
A trance of dreadful, drear expectancy.

Nor came there any sign; nor might she hear,
From wandering merchant or lone traveller,
Aught from the wished-for southlands, for the
hand
Of winter lay like iron on all the land,
And silence round her brooded, and the Spring
Was as an unimaginable thing."

This, though reminiscent of Mr. William Morris, is very good; and, generally, it may be said that Mr. Symonds' management of this metre is expert. His blank verse is even better—strong, as well as elastic and musical, and, what is remarkable in these days, not Tennysonian in its cadences. The "Improvisation on the Violin," suggested by Beethoven's deafness, is a fine rhapsody, and Mr. Symonds is master of the *terza rima*; but it is in the sonnet, the form of which he has thoroughly conquered, that his success is most unchallengeable. It is difficult to say which is the most beautiful in the present volume; but this, at least, is good enough to be representative:—

"Of all the mysteries wherethrough we move,
This is the most mysterious—that a face,
Seen peradventure in some distant place,
Whither we can return no more to prove
The world-old sanctities of human love,
Shall haunt our waking thoughts, and, gather-
ing grace,
Incorporate itself with every phase
Whereby the soul aspires to God above.
Thus are we wedded through that face to her
Or him who bears it; nay, one fleeting glance,
Fraught with a tale too deep for utterance,
Even as a pebble cast into the sea,
Will on the deep waves of our spirit stir
Ripples that run through all eternity."

Mr. Symonds' range of intellectual sympathy is so great that, though he has no strong individuality, and the most personal and genuine of his poems, such as his beautiful verses called "The Love of the Alps," show a kinship with Wordsworth, it is impossible to assign his work to any school, or to justly represent his power by quotation. There is much in the volume that would not be missed, and some poems are disfigured by blemishes of carelessness and taste which it is difficult to reconcile with the literary ability and pure veins of thought which characterise the rest. The reader should not be discouraged by the first pages, upon which, with a curious want of critical faculty with regard to his own work, he has chosen to print some of his worst verses, disfigured by such mistakes as "Thorned cankers," and such ludicrous slips as "black beetled crags." They, however, contain a few little lyrics which are almost perfect in their way. One of these is called

"LOVE IN DREAMS.

"Love hath its poppy-wreath,
Not Night alone.

I laid my head beneath
Love's lily throne;

"Then to my sleep he brought
This anodyne—
The flower of many a thought
And fancy fine.

"A form, a face, no more:
Fairer than truth;
A dream from death's pale shore;
The soul of youth.

"A dream so dear and deep,
All dreams above,
That still I pray to sleep—
Bring Love back, Love!"

There is, perhaps, no sweeter song in *New and Old* than this, but it would be hard to find any fault with the verses called "Farewell."
COSMO MONKHOUSE.

Tasmanian Friends and Foes. By Louisa Anne Meredith. (Marcus Ward & Co.)

THE anecdotal style of this book, together with a slight thread of love-making which runs through it, in order that all may end happily, after the orthodox fashion, at the last page, suggests, despite its early appearance, a Christmas book. But it is adorned with no familiar English holly berries and icicles. As befits a Tasmanian Christmas, its tastily decorated exterior encloses beautifully coloured plates, from the authoress's drawings, of the most grotesque fish and insects and most brightly tinted fruits and flowers of Van Diemen's Land. Readers of Mrs. Meredith's previous books will easily recognise many of the plants and creatures which she has described in past years, and will be of one opinion with regard to these careful drawings and the skilful manner in which they have been chromo-lithographed by her publishers. Even a stay-at-home naturalist may delight himself with these plates by tracing English analogues of the fantastically shaped and gorgeously tinted denizens of Tasmanian waters. Here, for instance, is our old friend, the sober John Dory, glorified into "pearly and silvery scales tinted with a thin golden hue, with head, fins, and markings of pure vermilion, and great topaz eyes" in the *Zeus Australis*; while no one could mistake the *phyllopteryx foliatus*, albeit a blaze of red, purple, and gold, for anything but a distant relative of the seahorse (*hippocampus*) not uncommon round the Channel Islands. The Tasmanian catfish, again (*kathethostoma laeve*), though sufficiently ugly, has not a more cruel mouth than the catfish (*anarrichas*) of our North Sea. The same process may be followed in the bravely painted butterflies and flowers which Mrs. Meredith has here depicted. With some of the latter our gardens and greenhouses have been enriched. And it is not improbable that such a lazy student might consider the teachings of these drawings, and the many points of comparison which they suggest between English and Tasmanian flowers and fishes, the most valuable feature of the book. Its structure, indeed, is somewhat repugnant to the adult reader. While expressly disclaiming any intention to write careful scientific descriptions, Mrs. Meredith's object is to relate anecdotes of the habits and peculiarities of many of the creatures which have fallen under her own observation or perhaps been kept as pets. These stories, however, are either inserted among chronicles of a settler's life, interspersed with accounts of winter sports, inundations, and adventures in the bush, or are sent home by a cousin in the form of epistolary "gossips," after the time-honoured precedent of Gilbert White. Particular pains have been taken to give in all cases the scientific names of the birds, plants, and creatures named (for which we are duly thankful); but the result, as may be imagined, is a singular medley. It is matter of regret that these useful drawings were not matched with a severer style. It is somewhat irritating, too, to be obliged to search for information on the domestic habits of kangaroos or 'possums among the light chatter of Frank and Liddy and the sententious utter-

ances of Mr. Merton, whose name irresistibly recalls the moral Mr. Barlow of our youth.

Yet there is much to reward the reader even in a careless perusal of what the naturalist deems verbiage. The pleasant home-life of settlers possessing cultivated tastes; the unaffected manners and charming simplicity of a household which retains the character of English steadfastness tempered by colonial liberty; the light set upon a hill which such a family becomes to all its rough surroundings—these are very pleasantly painted by the authoress as we remember them to have been of old. This is an aspect of her book which, if we mistake not, she herself would deem of primary importance. It would have been a good thing had she prefixed a general view of the Australian fauna and flora for the benefit of the intending settler and his friends at home, to whom this book, we take it, is mainly dedicated. The preponderance, for instance, of *eucalypti* and *epacridaceae* among the vegetation, and the uniformity and lowly organisation of its mammalia—which, with the exception of a few species of a still lower type, the monotremes and some small rodents, are wholly marsupials—might well have been enlarged upon. The authoress vouches for instances of tameness and affection among kangaroos, which are somewhat novel. Interesting accounts, too, are given of the kangaroo rat (*hyposiprymnus*) and the opossums when kept in confinement. Of that singular creature, the *ornithorhynchus*, however, Mrs. Meredith has nothing new to say. As always happens, the native birds and animals are retreating and becoming more rare before the advance of civilisation. The black swan, for instance, and the pelican (*p. conspicillatus*) have largely diminished in numbers of late years. Tasmania boasts a long and ugly list of snakes, the *moreliae*, *diemensiae*, and especially the mallee (*hoplocephalus*). Some curious stories are related of fish taking the hook almost immediately after breaking away from another which they perhaps carry at the time in their mouths, and which may show anglers how insensible to pain is their quarry. The same thing must have been noticed by every English trout-fisher. We know of a large trout, for instance, which was taken in Loch Awe, and when caught with an artificial minnow had no less than five other minnow tackles, all bristling with hooks, hanging round its mouth.

The authoress craves every allowance for inability to correct the proof-sheets of her book owing to her residence in Tasmania, but we have noticed little that requires amendment. She has evidently never heard of our Bird Bills, or she would not be "afraid that it will be a long time before the faithful Commons begin to legislate for little singing-birds." The *salmo thymallus* of Australian writers is really a grayling, and not "a pretty little native trout." But these are trifling blemishes in lands where animals are habitually named wrongly, where a *thylacinus* becomes a tiger, and a *dasyurus* a tiger-cat. A useful list of *algae* collected by the authoress on the east coast of Tasmania is appended, while internal evidence shows that another containing a list of ferns was contemplated. A touching notice of her husband, the late Hon. Chas. Meredith, is prefixed.

We part with nothing but pleasure from a book of healthy tone, of unaffected delight in the beauty of nature, and of extreme solicitude that no cruelty or thoughtlessness should mar the happy lives of even the humblest creatures which surround the writer in her distant home. The volume cannot but be welcome to all of kindred tastes.

M. G. WATKINS.

NEW NOVELS.

The Violin Player. By Bertha Thomas. In 3 vols. (R. Bentley & Son.)

Wooers and Winners; or, Under the Scares. By Mrs. G. Linneus Banks. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Rendelsholme. By Annie M. Rowan. In 2 vols. (Remington & Co.)

Fascination. By Lady Margaret Majendie. In 2 vols. (R. Bentley & Son.)

IN devoting this article entirely to the lady-novelists, we are far from insinuating that their faults mark them off as a class apart. But, placing them in order of merit, we cannot fail to be struck in every one with the unsatisfactory plot, which, in *The Violin Player* especially, utterly mars the latter half of the story. The reader is at first allowed to become interested in the loves of an honest English lad, Val Romer, and his father's Italian protégée. Mr. Romer dies insolvent, the home on Como is broken up, and complications ensue. Val studies as a lawyer and sculptor in London and Rome, grows famous, and becomes entangled with a married lady. Renza, in male attire, takes lessons of a misogynist violinist, and, also becoming famous, marries an English villain. He being removed by the hand of a brother of his discarded mistress, and the Platonic English lady seeking fresh flirtations, Val and Renza, after a few years' bereavement, come together, and we are supposed to enjoy a sorry satisfaction in the nuptials of a morose old bachelor and a heart-broken widow. This new freak of interpolating a previous marriage or two among the usual delays of the second volume is rather irritating, and intensely so when it is based upon the presumption that two professional travellers had neither of them ever heard of such a thing as the Poste Restante. The first volume, however, is entirely good. Renza on her tramp to Germany reminds us very often of *Contarini Fleming*, and even of *Wilhelm Meister*, but is none the less charming for that; and her comrade, the volatile, shallow, low-principled, and self-possessed Linda, is by far the best and most finished study in the book, where throughout the characters are strongly and finely marked. Apart from its plot, *The Violin Player* is a book to be recommended, and in many respects belongs to the higher order of fiction.

Of a far less romantic mould is Mrs. Banks—unless, indeed, we are to regard her local colour as an effort of imagination. Those who have not, and even those who have, the privilege of knowing the environs of Giggleswick will probably allow a liberal discount upon the astounding effects which Mrs. Banks produces by piling Andes upon Himalaya. In

fact, the local colour is everywhere much too pronounced save for parish readers. The cave-hunting which occupies so much space belongs to a sadly primitive era of geological research, and has been better treated elsewhere; while the dawning glories of the Mechanics' Institute movement, with its potter's wheels and fusty wombats, glimmer forlorn in an age of *Art at Home* and *Science for All*. We do not care a bit for the topography of Giggleswick—the precise direction of its streets, lanes, and short cuts, but we care a good deal for the old-fashioned Yorkshire people who dwell therein, and whom Mrs. Banks portrays with incisive pen. At the boarding-school we have the revered old Mrs. Craggs, her notable daughter and soft-hearted old-maid niece—gentlewomen who would have found themselves quite at home in Cranford. Mrs. Statham, the flighty maiden aunt, distracted by her Sisyphean efforts to disinherit everybody and yet somehow to leave all her fortune among her kin, her maid Deborah, her lawyer, and her pet tortoise, among other characters, must certainly have been sketched from life. Heroines who suffer general neglect and hard usage are sure to be popular. Such is Edith, who devotes her life to her little sister Dora, a cockatrice indeed, depicted by Mrs. Banks in the impartial spirit of an old-bachelor visitor. This adorable cherub, having always wanted everything, and always getting what she wanted, ends by demanding poor Edith's bridegroom just as they are starting for church. Edith could hardly say no; so, to the disgust of the parish—and, we fear, of the reader also—the smiling vixen marches to the altar in her bridesmaid bonnet, attended by Edith, robed and crowned. But of course this Jasper was only a rascal in disguise all the time, Edith having long ago discarded her real lover, Laurence, a very nicely behaved boy indeed. Jasper had frightened the parish clerk with a turnip-lantern ghost, and laid the blame upon his schoolfellow. The clerk's shriek had disturbed Mrs. Thorpe's last moments; so Edith, as a model daughter, had sworn never to forgive the culprit. Hence the whole story really turns upon the unravelling of a silly schoolboy plot. In the end Edith marries Laurence, who turns out to be her—we forget what—but a relative, of course somewhere just outside the table of affinity, and naturally the heir to a fine estate. The boys have a generic likeness to Sandford and Merton; while the part of Mr. Barlow is inadequately filled by a Mechanics' Institute patriarch who proclaims the second renaissance in the blandly exasperating diction of *Proverbial Philosophy*.

Miss Rowan soars far above Giggleswick, its tea-fights, caves, and turnip-lanterns. Thus she begins—"The fashion of this world passeth away. Riches crumble. Pomp tarnishes. Vanity fades. Glory dies. Even Love is but a fevered dream, which vanishes ere we realise its dizzy heights of bliss;" and thus she goes on for positively nine pages, till, frozen by these cold abstractions, one is glad to find oneself suddenly introduced to "King Death, twining his bony arms with petrifying clasp around the shrinking, warm flesh" of the heroine's mamma, upon a background of "crimson pile carpet, ebony and gold canopy

bed, rich gold-coloured satin curtains, and real antique lace on the dressing-table." *Rendelsholme* does not belie the burden of its cry—"All is Mystery." Denzil Devereux is no doubt a delightful name for one hero, but not for several, and, so far as we can make out, it is shared by four or five characters. Among others, there is an old Denzil—the rival of King Death; a young Denzil, a good Denzil, and a bad Denzil, who felicitously observes, "The next day we were married. I, who had been a Parian, was clothed in my right mind with such a wife"! The curious thing is that, amid this harmless rubbish, we find an Irish episode—a smuggler's-cave scene inspired by the *Colleen Bawn*—which is narrated with singular vigour and picturesquequeness.

If *Fascination* was paradise to write, it is purgatory to read. That it does really fascinate we admit, but it is with the sinister spell of what another equally erudite authoress calls the Basilica. This stupefying charm is due not to its horrors and marvels, which are sufficiently contemptible, but to the leaden self-satisfaction and iron-clad assurance of its style. Now and then, as is but natural, the authoress forgets herself, and is for a few lines simple, shrewd, and pleasant. One feels then that the Basilica is for the moment looking another way, or even winking to itself—as, for instance, in this startling climax to a florid description of the hero's palace—"over the doors were rich stone carvings of fruits and flowers hanging in swags." Most of the characters are but the conventional figures of penny melodrama and halfpenny romance; the scene, of course, the Brittany of fiction. As in her very first sentence the authoress gravely tells us that the Château de Beauvert (which, as we gather, dates from Louis XV.) was "one of the few remaining relics of a bygone day in Brittany," one feels at once that, so far as local colour goes, it does not much signify whether the Château be in Spain, at St. Servan, or at Margate. The hero, Prince Paolo del Monte, differs from the ordinary *primo tenore* only in having "double pupils to his eyes." From the very obscure description, aided by our reminiscences of *Stonehenge*, we should infer that the Prince was merely "wall eyed," like some bull terriers. He is by hereditary right a *Jettatore*, and with a single languishing ogle he not only throws the beholder into a cold perspiration—that is by no means unlikely—but blasts his very life. Artistically, and we fancy historically, the victim ought merely to wither away in an atrophy; but at Paolo's stare storms arise, houses fall, chandeliers drop upon guiltless heads, horses run away, and—we shudder as we repeat it—"the evening's entertainment fails, or the ices come too late." With pretty inconsistency does he bewail his fatal gift, for, in spite of his pretended resolve to keep his eyelids always lowered, and so, we presume, to blast society no farther up than its boots, he occasionally goads or wheedles his nearest or dearest into challenging his power. If ever man feloniously and maliciously killed and slew his governess and his father-in-law it was this dreadful Prince. Feelings of humanity may perhaps have tempted him to wear blue spec-

tacles and carry a thick cotton umbrella, but, of course, no prince who respected himself could well condescend to such shocking outrages upon his high rank and nose. Indeed, we are half afraid that he rather liked the fun, for amid his affected tears we cannot but detect something of the spirit of the legitimate sportsman. Of his earlier prowess but one victim is recorded—a schoolboy rival, who in vain clutched the prize with palsied hand under his withering glare. Paolo comes first upon the scene in a regular *battue*. His yacht goes down with all hands in sight of the Château de Beauvert, the Prince, as a zealous skipper, having, we suppose, overlooked the crew generally. He is succoured by the Marquis, tells his gruesome tale, and is at once warmly pressed to marry the daughter who is hourly expected home from school. If he never sees her till after the wedding—such is the fantastic tenor of the curse—she will have nothing to fear; so he retires to refurnish his palace and destroy the governess. Finette, a silly girl with just enough wits to get into mischief, must needs slip down to the station to see her unknown lover return. Hidden behind a bush she drinks in the fatal gaze, when instantly a naughty horse rushes up the embankment and deals her a smart kick upon the head, upon which she tumbles down and breaks her back. She lingers, of course, through some wanly sentimental chapters, and dies. Paolo, after hurriedly dispatching the old gentleman, gracefully withdraws in deep mourning, and the story takes a new departure. In the end he marries Finette's humble companion, Aglae—an attractive and high-principled orphan—whose good sense and piety prompt her to risk the experiment. We understand that as yet it has been successful. She still survives unblasted, and has two charming infants, though we observe that a critic who regards this as "one of the prettiest novels of the day" reproaches her with the "bourgeois" total of seven. Aglae is not a very interesting or finished character, but is at least conceived in a pure and refined spirit, and throughout she acts with dignity and grace. Letty, the young Hampstead Juno (the real mother of the seven), and MM. Mayen *père et fils*, are pleasant and lively sketches, and the French mother-in-law is quite one of our oldest favourites. But, as we have already shown, pretentious frivolity is by no means the worst fault of the book. Silly novels are never quite harmless, but they rarely do very much harm. This is an exception. The idea of the Evil Eye might indeed have been handled by a Godwin or a Goethe: genius can often do well what it ought never to do at all. In weaker hands such subjects become an offence against common-sense and right feeling. Either the authoress believes these repulsive lies about the *Jettatura*, or she does not. If she does, there remains nothing to be said. But if she does not, we can but marvel how a Christian lady—for of her sincerely religious tone some pages afford ample proof—can, for the mere sake of seasoning a stupid book with sensationalism, deliberately mingle up sacred truths with pagan imposture, or present the momentous workings of Providence under the miserable travesty of the most debased form of fatalism. This is no light

matter. Since the book will only be read by those who are too young or too simple to judge it aright, it may, in spite of its weakness, disturb and unsettle, if it does not actually distort. Such, we are sure, was not the intention of the writer, and we sincerely trust that in future she will direct her graceful and facile pen to simpler, homelier, and worthier themes. E. PURCELL.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A Thousand Thoughts from Various Authors. Selected and Arranged by Arthur Davison. (Longmans.) Mr. Davison has entered on a path on which it is difficult to go far wrong. Anyone who will take the trouble to read the classical books of any language, to mark with his pencil the passages which strike him, and to publish his commonplace book has a chance of bringing before his fellow-men good things which they would otherwise have missed. This is always a gain. Moreover, Mr. Davison has gone, if not exactly into the byways of literature, at any rate out of its main high-roads, and has given extracts from books which, in many cases, it is very improbable that anyone would read for himself.

Jane Austen and her Works, by Sarah Tytler (Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.)—a short Memoir of the novelist, with an analysis of her works—will be peculiarly acceptable as a prize in ladies' schools. We doubt whether it was worth while compiling Tales from Miss Austen, as the Lambes compiled Tales from Shakspeare, for her plots are far from intricate, and she wrote so little that the labour of the condenser is surely almost superfluous. Miss Tytler, however, has done her work well if it was to be done. The little morals she deduces from the stories she is analysing are unexceptionable, if sufficiently obvious; and, if we are to have "sign-post" criticism, it is best to have it from one who is herself no novice in the novelist's art. By-the-way, does not Miss Tytler take some of the strong things that have been said of her heroine's genius just a trifle too seriously?

Faiths and Fashions. By Lady Violet Greville. (Longmans.) There is something a little interesting in ascertaining the kind of matter which a fellow-creature thinks it worth while to write and to put before other fellow-creatures, but this is the sole kind of interest which we can discern in *Faiths and Fashions*. Lady Violet Greville's aims are, we feel sure, excellent; we only wish that she had been better able to attain them. The majority of the essays here republished are short lay sermons on what seem to Lady Violet faults of the age, or perhaps it would be safer to say what she has heard denounced as faults of the age, such as deadness of religious feeling, want of thoroughness in work, cynicism, &c., &c. No doubt the right man or the right woman could preach effectively on these subjects; but we are afraid that Lady Violet Greville is not the right woman. She is sometimes absurd, frequently inaccurate, and almost always commonplace. Now it is well for the preacher, male or female, to avoid these particular defects unless he wishes his auditors to depart yawning and unconvinced. Apparently Lady Violet's budgets of social articles (for these things are, it seems, republished) were not sufficient to make up a volume, and she has added a few descriptive papers, chiefly on Holland, which are decidedly better than the others, inasmuch as the author here only has for the most part to describe what she sees, instead of what she unluckily seems to have no eye for. Some "social twitters," as a sister author has called them, about school-boys home for the holidays and so forth do not

quite descend to the level of the discourses about clergymen, and younger sons, and "the demos," and "social atheists," and those "shallow sneerers," Voltaire and Gibbon. Lady Violet is quite sure about the shallowness of Voltaire and Gibbon; but she does not seem quite certain whether Sterne or Swift is responsible for the saying about the three ages of woman. At least she gives it sometimes to one and sometimes to the other.

Pictures to Paint for Little Folks. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.) Another of the pretty and useful "Little Folks" series, with one delightful picture of "The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe" by Kate Greenaway, some pretty drawings of children by M. E. Edwards, and of animals by other hands. The stories and verses by George Weatherly are also good of their kind.

Northern Fairy Tales. (Sampson Low and Co.) Six capital stories by P. O. Absjörnson and Hans Christian Andersen, fairly translated by H. L. Breckstad. The illustrations by R. T. Pritchett, F.S.A., have some humour and spirit, if little artistic merit; but we cannot give even so much praise as this to those by Clifford Merton. The stories, however, do not need illustrations to make them popular with young and old, and all are to be envied who read for the first time such famous histories as those of "The Pancake" and "The Gallant Tin Soldier."

English Lake Scenery, illustrated with a series of coloured plates from drawings by A. F. Lydon (John Walker and Co.), cannot fail to give pleasure to those who know and love the fells and the waters of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The artist has not erred by the introduction of those too gorgeous tints with which we are painfully familiar, and which never were on sea or land save in the products of chromolithography; but he has reminded us that even in that favoured spot of earth we call the Lake District the skies are often clouded and the water not always blue; and he has been happily inspired to give us, in tones for the most part sober and subdued, what aims at being an accurate transcript of some of the beauties of the pleasure-ground of England. The letterpress is straightforward and business-like, and the needful quotations from Gray, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and their compeers, apposite and to the point. We are glad to see that Hawes Water is not forgotten.

WE have received from Messrs. Griffith and Farran the twelve little books which form their "Tiny Natural History Series," and we have much pleasure in cordially recommending them for nursery use. They appear to us to be eminently well calculated for combining instruction with amusement, for, being written for the most part in words of one syllable, they may very well be used as first reading books. We hope we may see further issues of this useful series, and we would suggest that a little more care might advantageously be bestowed on mechanical details. The books now before us do not open as readily as ought to be the case with children's books, and the inner margin of the pages is here and there reduced to a minimum by careless binding. The picture, too, on the outside of the cover should in each case be different. Attention to such trifles would, we think, materially improve the books.

Hilda and her Doll. By E. C. Phillips. (Griffith and Farran.) This story is by the writer of *Bunchy*, which we have had pleasure in commending on a former occasion, and we are glad to see that she is again catering so successfully for the amusement of the little ones. In the earlier part we get some interesting peeps into home-life in the West Indies, as Hilda is a child sent home from those whilom

Elysian fields to be educated in France. The book tells the story of her life there, and how her character was improved by the trials she underwent at school, principally in connexion with a certain doll. This doll, however, was not of a description to be readily obtained in the Lowther Arcade or any similar emporium for the concurrent delectation of the infant mind and emptying of the parental pocket, but was decidedly *sui generis*. It is described as "a doll that was black and unlike any other doll that the child had ever seen before, just like Nana, and dressed like her, with a shawl handkerchief over her shoulders," &c.

Mudge and her Chicks. By a Brother and Sister. (Griffith and Farran.) Mudge, it may be well to premise, is presumably a contraction for the word mother, and Mudge in this case was the mother of children who in the strict privacy of domestic life are termed "pickles." Nevertheless, Mudge's were jolly chicks, though with a propensity for getting into mischief. The book, which is a capital one, is descriptive of their home-life and doings, and will, no doubt, be popular with children.

Some Heroes of Travel; or, Chapters from the History of Geographical Discovery and Enterprise. By W. H. Davenport Adams. (S. P. C. K.) The object of this book is a useful one, and by its means children will very probably obtain much more knowledge of many parts of the world than could otherwise be easily instilled into them. The doings of nine travellers are dealt with, and among them Marco Polo naturally comes first. How far the term "hero" can be properly applied to most of them it would be unwise for us to express an opinion, but we think the expression unfortunate. Mr. Adams' book is, of course, only a compilation, and presumably from the travellers' accounts of their doings. The little maps which are given are too small to be of very much use, but we congratulate Mr. Adams on his thoughtfulness in providing a brief Index.

Dot's Story Book and Little Chimes for All Times. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.) These two neat little volumes are recent additions to Messrs. Cassell's "Cosy Corner Series." They contain numerous short stories, and we think the former best suited for children of six or seven, while the latter will be a source of attraction to somewhat older children. They are profusely illustrated; indeed, they are constructed on the principle of a page illustration alternating with a page of letterpress, a plan which is sure to be appreciated by little folk. The pictures and stories alike are very taking.

Samuel Pepys and the World he lived in. By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. (Bickers and Son.) Mr. Wheatley has many claims to speak with authority on the subject of our great Diarist, and this book will be found an acquisition by every lover of Pepys, be his knowledge of the subject great or small. For the Pepysian scholar there is the question as to the pronunciation of Pepys's name, though the testimony of his marriage certificate makes against Mr. Wheatley's view; there is the information as to Pepys' father-in-law, who was always out at elbows, in spite of his plans for preventing and curing the smoking of chimneys, for keeping horseponds clean and sweet, for making architectural ornaments by rubbing or moulding bricks, for raising submerged ships, and for reworking Solomon's gold and silver mines; there are the valuable notes, compiled by Col. Pasley, with regard to the early history of the Admiralty, and Pepys's predecessors and successors in office; and there are numerous incidental corrections of errors committed by the editors of the diary, or even by Pepys himself. The general reader will find the successive chapters, in

which Mr. Wheatley has drawn from the pages of the diary some lively sketches of Pepys's world, together with full details, gathered from many sources, of Peppe's chequered career, full of interest and instruction. Those who have not had Mr. Mynors Bright's edition in their hands will be surprised to find how many items he has added to our previous knowledge of the Diarist, and how much more completely he has brought before us Pepys's singular moral and intellectual characteristics. We fear it must be admitted that to know Pepys better is to esteem him less. This book may be cordially recommended as the work of an author of great and varied and curious knowledge on a fascinating subject. Is it wholly impossible for Messrs. Bickers to give us an inexpensive edition of the diary in its complete form, annotated throughout by Mr. Wheatley?

The Necklace of Princess Fiorimonde, and other Stories, by Mary de Morgan, with illustrations by Walter Crane (Macmillan), bears its recommendation on its title-page. The seven stories comprised in the work are gracefully and naturally told; the moral of each is unobtrusive, and the English fluent, unaffected, and pure, barring, perhaps, a trifling slip under the frontispiece. Mr. Walter Crane conspires with the author to lead us into the land of magic and *faerie*, with its mingled beauty that reminds us now of the Italian and now of the German Renaissance, now of the thirteenth century and now of the eighteenth, but before all of that eclecticism which distinguishes the nineteenth, and which does not disdain to borrow from remote lands as well as from remote ages. It must be a dull child that will resist the charms whereby the artist and the author seek so skillfully to lead him out of this workaday world of commonplace.

The Praise of Books, as said and sung by English Authors. Selected, with a Preliminary Essay on Books, by J. A. Langford. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.) This book begins with Richard de Bury and Chaucer—there is a bad misprint in the extract from *The Legend of Goode Women*—and ends with Mrs. Browning and Mr. George Dawson, the latter of whom, we imagine, is indebted for his introduction in great part to personal friendship or esteem. It cannot come amiss to anyone to read what some of the greatest writers of England and the world have written of their craft; and, if Mr. Langford's Introduction is a little dithyrambic, he is able to allege good authority for his ecstasies. His choice of quotations is sufficiently representative.

The Countries of the World. By Robert Brown, M.A. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.) The plan of this volume, which is one of a series of popular descriptions of the various countries, islands, rivers, seas, and peoples of the globe, is an excellent one. Dr. Robert Brown has evidently been at much pains to collect information on such subjects as physical geography, climate, manners and customs, &c., which should render his work valuable to the rising generation, and will, at any rate, give them an opportunity of obtaining knowledge with much greater ease than their forefathers could have done about the various countries of Asia, to which the present volume is confined. The book, however, has its shortcomings, and some of these are not insignificant. Dr. Brown is not strong in the matter of Oriental orthography. Dipping into the volume at random, we find an illustration entitled "Hata-Mene-ta-Kie Street"—a title which is somewhat comical, and ought to read Hata-mén [Hata gate] ta-chieh [street], the subject being a large, busy street in Peking, leading to the Hata (or Haitai) gate. But what, in the name of all that is Chinese, can be the meaning or correct way of writing "Onane-Cheon-Chane" in the title of the

frontispiece? We confess ourselves nonplussed, and have not had the courage to investigate the matter. In many other instances, too, Dr. Brown repeats errors and misspellings long since exploded, and this is much to be regretted. The illustrations are very numerous and interesting, but they often appear to have been pitchforked into the book anyhow—e.g., a fire on an Asiatic steppe is placed between two streets in Hong Kong. The maps are not remarkable specimens of the cartographical art, but probably they are good enough for the purpose.

The Other Side: How it Struck us. By C. B. Berry. (Griffith and Farran.) In this substantial and well-printed octavo volume the author discourses pleasantly on the experiences of himself and a friend during a six months' furlough—a somewhat long holiday, by-the-way, for business men to take—which they had resolved to employ in a visit to the United States and Canada. Some of his notes and observations are very amusing, but we fear they will hardly be appreciated on "the other side," as our cousins there have the reputation of being just a little thin-skinned, and do not appreciate jokes—at least, those made at their own expense. In an Appendix Mr. Berry gives specimens of the bills of fare at a leading New York hotel, of which he may well say:—"The first time you see an American bill of fare you are overwhelmed—stunned!"

Elfin Hollow and Princess Myra and her Adventures among the Fairy-Folk. By F. Scarlett Potter. *Voyages and Travels of Count Funnibos and Baron Stilkin*. By the late W. H. G. Kingston. (S. P. C. K.) These three books of fairy tales are all interesting in their way. *Elfin Hollow* is best adapted for boys, and will no doubt be much appreciated by them; while *Princess Myra* should receive an eager welcome from girls, being written more especially for their amusement. Mr. Kingston's book is not so much to our taste; but, at the same time, we do not doubt that many children will take delight in following Count Funnibos and Baron Stilkin in their odd adventures.

Nimpo's Troubles. By Olive Thorne Miller. (Griffith and Farran.) This little book is admirably adapted for the amusement of small children; we have tried it with our own with marked success. Some of the expressions might, perhaps, have been toned down with advantage, but in the hands of a judicious mother this objection need not weigh against the book.

The House on the Bridge, and other Tales. By C. E. Bowen. (Griffith and Farran.) These tales are prettily told, and should be popular among children rather older perhaps, than those who will be captivated by the preceding story. There are several illustrations, which will increase the interest taken in the text by little folk.

Rose Leaves: Tea-Time Tales for Children. From the Swedish of Richard Gustafsson. By A. Alberg. Second Series. *Woodland Notes: Tea-Time Tales for Children*. From the Swedish of Richard Gustafsson. By A. Alberg. Third Series. (Sonnenschein and Allen.) English children who a year ago took delight in reading the first collection of Gustafsson's graceful little tales will rejoice to find that in *Rose Leaves* and in *Woodland Notes* they have gained a further supply of stories from the same pen. It is well that so charming a raconteur should at last have found welcome in England. Indeed, we could ill have spared these tales, which have long been known and enjoyed both in Germany and Sweden. Those children with whom Andersen finds favour will assuredly like to read Gustafsson too. For in manner as in matter he strongly resembles the author of the

beautiful *Bilderbuch ohne Bilder*. The stories now before us are all very short; in ground-work and in incident they are almost too slight; it is their freshness, their poetry, their delicacy, which gives them charm. Here and there the translator, in his anxiety to be natural and idiomatic, may have spoiled something of their bloom, but on the whole he has done well; if some faults of style exist, it is certainly not a child who would wish them corrected. In addition to being tastefully bound, the volumes contain many excellent illustrations. Evidently the publishers have spared no effort to make both books attractive. And in this they have certainly succeeded.

MR. ALDIS WRIGHT has just issued *The Tragedy of King Richard the Third* in his Clarendon Press series of Select Plays of Shakspeare for schools, &c. He gives from the *Chronicles* of Hall and Holinshed the material that Shakspeare used, and confirms the proof given by Courtenay and others that the second edition of Holinshed, and not the first (as is usually supposed), was Shakspeare's authority. He declares his belief that *Richard III.* was written before *Richard II.*, and in 1593 or 1594. (No doubt they were within a year of one another, either way.) He prints an interesting extract from Hare's *Guesses at Truth* on the contrast between Shakspeare's treatment of his villains in his early and later periods, *Richard III.* as compared with Iago and Edmund. His notes are thorough and excellent, as they always are. But he throws no light on the one word-cruel of the play, the *Humphrey Hour* of IV. iv. 175:

"Duchess. What comfortable hour canst thou name

That ever graced me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace

To breakfast once forth of my company;"

though surely all who dined or breakfasted with Duke Humphrey—that is to say, fasted during the dinner or breakfast hour—may have been said to be called out to their meal—that is, no meal—by Humphrey Hour. As to the text of the play, the one question to be settled is, Is the Quarto or the Folio to be taken as the basis text of an edition? Spedding, Delius, Schmidt have, on different grounds, declared strongly for the Folio: see Mr. Spedding's able discussion of every point of difference between Quarto and Folio in the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1875-76. Mr. Wright declares—we may say, proves—that Delius, if right, can only be so for wrong reasons. Spedding, he holds, may be right for right reasons; but he does not admit their force, and holds to the former opinion which his lost co-editor and he expressed in the *Cambridge Shakspeare* that an editor ought to take from both Quarto and Folio those lines which he thinks most Shaksperian in each, though with a general preference for the Quarto. Thus, in three differing lines, III. iv. 23, 25, iv. 1, Mr. Wright follows the Folio only once:—

Ratcliff. Qo. Come, come, dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

(Adopted.) Fo. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

Rivers. Qo. (Come, Grey; come, Vaughan; let us all embrace.)

And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.

(Rejected.) Fo. Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.

Hastings. Qo. My lords, at once: the cause why we are met.

(Rejected.) Fo. Now, noble peers, &c.

Mr. Wright's reason for the adoption of the first Folio line above is that the Quarto line (23) "is too much a repetition of l. 8: 'Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.'" His practice would be called inconsistent, and unworthy of a real editor, by the German school; but we

apprehend that most Englishmen in their present state of knowledge will hold him right—as Mr. Pickersgill has forcibly argued that he is (New Shakspeare Society's *Transactions*, 1875-76)—in adopting, in every case of difference of authority, that reading which, in his judgment, and after his long training, seems to him most like Shakspeare's work. But, of course, further discussion or consideration of the question may bring critics round to Mr. Spadding's view. No aesthetic or character criticism is given by Mr. Wright, except the piece from Archdeacon Hare. Its absence is much to be regretted in a play so unique in treatment as *Richard the Third* is.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE volume containing the *Life and Literary Remains of Dr. Appleton*, announced in our last issue, will shortly appear in Trübner's "Philosophical Series." A portion of it will consist of the opening chapters of a work on the *Ego* which the author had engaged to write for the series in question. The greater part of these chapters has already been published in the *Contemporary Review* under the form of an enquiry into the philosophical position of Strauss and Mr. Matthew Arnold; but they will be now reprinted with considerable additions, together with the fragments of another chapter on "Development," which will be embodied in an Introduction by the editor. The Introduction will further contain other specimens of Dr. Appleton's philosophical studies. The important article on "Copyright," which attracted so much attention at the time it appeared, will also be given, as well as finished articles on "Doubt" and "Atheism," and a number of detached fragments on various subjects. The volume will be prefaced by a Life written by the Rev. J. H. Appleton, and will include contributions from several friends and extracts from Dr. Appleton's record of his intercourse with the many eminent men in this country and America with whom his position brought him into contact.

A SECOND and cheaper edition of Mr. Greville J. Chester's excellent book for boys, *Julian Cloughton*, is in preparation.

IT is rumoured that Brugsch-Bey is rewriting his famous pamphlet on the Exodus.

MARIETTE PASIA, after a visit to the baths of La Bourboule in Auvergne, has embarked at Marseilles on his return to Egypt.

THE *Manchester Guardian* states that the verses in Mr. Caldecott's new picture book, *The Three Jovial Huntsmen*, are taken from Mr. Edwin Waugh's story, *Old Cronies*, which in its turn is parodied from a song long popularly known in Lancashire.

MR. W. E. GRIFFIS, author of *The Mikado's Empire*, is about to publish a work entitled *The Japanese Fairy World*, with eleven illustrations by Ozawa Nankoku.

MR. JOHN PERCIVAL POSTGATE, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been appointed Professor of Comparative Philology in University College, London. Prof. Stanley Jevons has resigned the Chair of Political Economy as from the end of the current session.

MESSRS. DEIGHTON, BELL AND CO. have nearly ready for publication *Pascal's Provincial Letters*, edited from the original text, with Introduction and English Notes, by J. de Soyres, M.A., Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge; and an *Introduction to the Ancient and Modern Geometry of Conics*, with *Historical Notes and Prolegomena*, by C. Taylor, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

MESSRS. J. MASTERS AND CO. will shortly publish *Our Next Door Neighbour: a Story for*

Children, by Stella Austin; *The Little Blue Lady, and other Tales*, by Mrs. Mitchell; *Auld Fernies' Son*, by the author of *The Chorister Brothers*, &c.; and a cheaper re-issue of *Moral Songs*, by Mrs. C. F. Alexander, with eighty-six engravings on wood by Mr. J. D. Cooper from drawings by eminent artists.

IT is matter for regret that the comprehensive work on Egyptian Mythology, by Prof. R. Lanzzone, of Turin—which contains descriptions and engravings of every known variety of the ancient Egyptian deities, sacred animals, and sacred emblems—will not be published in England, in consequence of the professor feeling unable to accept the terms offered by a leading publisher. His laborious investigations conducted over a long series of years in different parts of Egypt, his position as curator of the splendid collection of Egyptian antiquities at Turin, and his great skill as a draughtsman render Prof. Lanzzone admirably fitted for the work he had all but completed. It seems a pity that the University of Oxford could not undertake a work of such paramount importance.

THE opening lecture of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution was delivered on the 5th inst. by his Excellency James Russell Lowell on *King Richard III.*, which the lecturer believes to be a play adapted by Shakspeare to the stage with some additions; "towards the end, either growing weary of his work or pressed for time, Shakspeare left the older author, whoever he was, pretty much to himself." The melodramatic conception and treatment, the absence of patriotism, the clumsy way in which Richard declares himself a scoundrel, the scolding of the mob of widowed queens, the wretched treatment of the supernatural, the inadequate speeches of Richard and Richmond towards the close, are evidences, Mr. Lowell believes, that the play is not of Shakspeare's authorship. The *Scotsman* of the 6th gives a good report of the lecture; the compositor has inadvertently supplied a new Shakspeare reading characteristically North British:

"The minister, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact."

A SELECTION from Mr. J. G. Whittier's poems has just been rendered into Portuguese by the Emperor of Brazil.

PROF. GROT has published the eighth volume of his edition of the Russian poet Derzhavin's works. More than 1,040 pages are occupied with a biography of the poet, founded mainly on his correspondence. This biography is unprecedented in the Russian language for its extent and the minute research bestowed on Derzhavin's official and literary career. Regarding the poet's standing in Russian literature Prof. Grot says comparatively little. Some pages are devoted to a defence of his personal character and poetical merit against hostile criticisms; and a concluding chapter contains brief remarks on his literary style and the leading features of his poetry. In the ninth and final volume Prof. Grot promises additional biographical documents, and a bibliography of Derzhavin's works.

THE completion of the *Dizionario biografico degli Scrittori contemporanei* gives us an opportunity of congratulating the editor, Prof. de Gubernatis, upon the fullness, accuracy, and rapidity with which this great work has been carried through. There is hardly a living writer of any note in either Europe, America, or, we may add, Asia whose biography is not to be found in it, brought down to the date of publication. A work of the kind was urgently needed, and the thorough way in which it has been accomplished will make it an indispensable book of reference to every library.

A COMMITTEE has just been formed, consist-

ing of old friends and admirers of Dumas, for the purpose of setting up a statue in Paris to the famous novelist. A site has been granted by the authorities on the Place Malesherbes, not far from the residence of M. Dumas fils. The statue will be executed by M. Chapu, whose bust of Dumas is well known.

IT is proposed to publish by subscription the second volume of the *Records of the English Catholics under the Penal Laws*, to be entitled *The Letters and Memorials of Cardinal Allen (1532-94)*. The volume will contain all the letters of Cardinal Allen, edited or inedited, which are obtainable, as well as letters addressed to him, and other documents calculated to illustrate his life and actions. They will amount in all to about 213, of which 172 will be printed for the first time. Some of these letters and documents are in English, many in Latin, and a few in Spanish and Italian. Their value may be partly inferred from the sources from which they are principally derived—viz., the archives of the Vatican, of the see of Westminster, of the English College at Rome, of Stonyhurst College, and of Simancas, as well as the Public Record Office, London. There will be an Introduction by the Rev. Father Knox, and a complete Index. Mr. David Nutt is the publisher.

MR. E. H. WHINFIELD's handsome edition of the *Gulshan i Raz*, or "Mystic Rose Garden," of Esh-Shabistari, Persian Text, and Translation, with Notes chiefly from the Commentary of Lahiji (Trübner), will be welcomed by those who are interested in the Persian school of mysticism. The *Gulshan i Raz* was written in 1317 in the form of answers to fifteen questions on the doctrine of the Sufis, and has been called the *Summa Theologica* of Sufism. No English edition or translation of it, however, has been published till now, and von Hammer's German edition was faulty in several respects. The philosophical system of the Sufis, a strange mixture of Neoplatonism and natural Pantheism, is one of the most interesting of the developments (if such it can be called) of Islam; and the explanations and illustrations thereof in the *Gulshan i Raz* will repay careful study. Mr. Whinfield has prefixed a thoughtful Introduction on Sufism, and his translation is as clear as a rendering of the obscure phraseology of Oriental mysticism can be expected to be. But the book will be read for its philosophical rather than its literary interest, and the fine printing and setting of Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington seem a little thrown away on a work which by no possible hallucination could be regarded as an ornament for the drawing-room table.

DR. HUGO VON MELTZL has published at Kolozsvár a tiny *Vergleichend-litterarhistorische Untersuchung*, in which he compares the Scotch ballad of "Edward," contained in the first volume of Bishop Percy's *Reliques*, with several specimens of popular poetry resembling it in theme and treatment brought together from various lands. They are so much alike that, as he thinks they are not mere imitations, he is inclined to look for "a common Turanian-Aryan archetype," from which was derived "an Aryan archetype," giving rise to numerous German and Swedish songs, as well as "a Turanian archetype," from which he deduces some Hungarian songs and a Finnish ballad; the latter being looked upon as the originator of the Scotch "Edward." This seems going a little too far. But Dr. von Meltzl has produced an interesting little essay. The Scotch "Edward" has been regarded by commentators with some suspicion; but the fact that Motherwell obtained from an old Scotchwoman a variant of the ballad, in which the hero bears the more probable name of Davie, is in its favour. In it, as in its Finnish and Hungarian parallels, a son discloses to his mother a domestic tragedy. He has slain his father or his

brother, or a near relative has poisoned him by means of a "four-footed crab," otherwise a toad. He makes various bequests to his family generally, leaving to his mother "the curse of Hell," or "pain and grief," or "a glowing seat in Hell." In every case jealousy, provoked by female misconduct, appears to be the cause of the crime committed.

WE are informed that the "British Chronological Association" (Memorial Hall, London Street, Bethnal Green) has a novel work in the press which will be ready in the beginning of December. "It is *Vox Dei*, or the Eclipse Line of Time, giving a classification and enumeration of all eclipses from the Mosaic Creation to the present period. It verifies all years and the eclipses B.C. With it will be printed *All Past Time*, upon luni-solar cycles, which, being the movements of the moon, are unalterable. No. 1 central eclipse of the sun repeats its date in 651 years. It occurred in the first week of year 0, the Mosaic Creation, completing its ninth maximum cycle in 1861 A.D., and its short cycle of eighteen years eleven days in 1879."

WE have received *Chit-Chat* by Puck, from the Swedish of R. Gustafsson, by A. Alberg, and *The Captain's Dog*, by L. Enault, second editions (Sonnenschein and Allen); *The Magazine of Art*, Vol. II. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.); *The Bird and Insects' Post-Office*, by Robert Bloomfield, new and cheaper edition (Griffith and Farran); *A Digest of Opinions of the Judge Advocate General of the Army*, with Notes, by Col. W. Winthrop (Washington: Government Printing Office); *Guides to the Local Examinations in Elementary Musical Knowledge and in Instrumental and Vocal Music of Trinity College, London*, by F. Clark (W. Reeves); *Steam and the Steam Engine*, by Henry Evers, fourth edition (Collins); *A History of English Literature for Junior Classes*, by F. A. Laing, new edition (Collins); *Katty the Flash*, by Sydney Storr, fourth edition (Dublin: Gill); *The Latin Primer Rules made Easy*, by the Rev. Edmund Fowle, third edition (Relfe Bros.); *A Short Bible History for Schools and Families*, by the Rev. Edmund Fowle, new edition (Relfe Bros.); *On Renaissance Drama; or, History made Visible*, by W. Thomson (Melbourne: Sands and McDougall); &c.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Contemporary Review* for November, in addition to much that is quite up to the accustomed standard, contains two articles that are noteworthy as being attempts at the treatment of practical questions by men of the closet. Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, who, if we remember aright, once before startled his friends by boldly advocating Protection, now suggests a radical solution of the Irish land problem, under the title, "How to Nationalise the Land." In brief, he proposes that the State should resume its dormant claim as superior landlord of the entire country, allowing no subordinate rights to private individuals, except that of occupancy on payment of a quit-rent. Mortgages and leases he would alike prohibit, but the occupier would be allowed to dispose of his beneficial interest by out-and-out sale. So far, Mr. Wallace's views may have been anticipated elsewhere. The originality of his proposal consists in the process by which landlords are to be dispossessed. The State is to pay nothing, and the owners are to lose nothing. Assuming that the reversion to an estate after the end of the fourth generation has no pecuniary value beyond what may be due to a false sentiment, he argues that the Legislature would be doing no injustice to anybody if it passed an Act to

the effect that freehold tenure should forthwith be converted into leasehold for four successive lives, with an ultimate reversion in absolute property to the State. Into the details of the scheme it is unnecessary to enter, though the temptation is considerable, for everybody thinks that he can improve upon a Utopia. We are certain, however, that Mr. Wallace will find more followers in his present excursion into the domain of politics than he did in his last. The other paper to which we have referred is by Dr. Alexander Bain, on "The Procedure of Deliberative Bodies." Its main point is the suggestion that parliamentary discussion would be carried on better if printed essays were substituted for spoken harangues. It is easy to criticise, and still easier to ridicule, this suggestion, as coming from an ex-professor and a *doctrinaire*. But the deliberate opinions of such men sometimes anticipate the future with a correctness of prevision that is above the comprehension of their critics.

To the *Antiquary* for November Lord Talbot de Malahide contributes a most amusing article on the *Grub Street Journal* which, we are glad to know, will be continued in a future number. His lordship has been so fortunate as to come upon a copy of this old periodical, which contains all or nearly all the numbers ever issued. This paper could not have had a high standing when it was published, but it is a mine of information to the student of manners and family history. It appears that as late as the year 1737 a solemn fast was observed in London and the suburbs in commemoration of the great fire of 1666. The streets of London seem at that time to have been pretty nearly as dangerous as Hounslow Heath. On January 10, a gentleman was robbed between Temple Bar and Lombard Street, and a few days after Mr. Brian Fairfax suffered a similar misfortune in Grosvenor Street. Mr. G. Lambert continues his pleasant papers on Smithfield, and Mr. J. H. Parker, C.B., his learned account of the Victorian revival of Gothic architecture. Mr. E. J. Watherston discourses amusingly on gems and precious stones; and there is a most curious unsigned article, translated from the Spanish, on an attempt to navigate vessels with the aid of steam in 1543. The article on "Public Records" will be of service to those who do not possess the Report of the deputy-keeper.

THE only noticeable paper in the *Art Journal* is an interesting piece of comparative criticism by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, on "Ovid, Turner, and Golding," the last being the now almost-forgotten translator of Ovid in 1565. Mr. Monkhouse cannot show that Turner knew Golding's version, but he proves in a variety of quotations that the old Elizabethan had more of the picturesqueness and vigour of Turner than any of his followers. The essay turns on a point of criticism which might easily be contested as empirical, but which is worked out with much delicacy and skill. The principal illustration is a not very satisfactory engraving of Mr. Birch's pretty, but also not entirely satisfactory, statue of Whittington.

Le Livre for October opens with an interesting article on "La Bibliothèque d'Edouard Fournier," which is in reality rather an account of the good-natured and erudite author of *L'Esprit des Autres* himself. A drawing of the library, the contents of which are to be sold by auction during the winter, is given, from which it would appear that Fournier piled up his books in heaps nearly as thickly grouped and nearly as puzzling to everybody but the possessor as those of the old book-shop keeper in *Alton Locke*. This is, however, the only original article of much interest in the permanent portion of the periodical. The writer who calls himself "Mathanasius" contributes a tolerably readable paper of gossip about Crétin and Monconys and

some other persons very well known to the student, but not much known to the general reader. It surely, however, was hardly worth while to tell us that Raminagrobis wrote poems "qui font peu d'honneur à son talent poétique." A short study of Crétin might have been worth doing. We hardly think that M. Uzanne makes the most of his periodical.

OBITUARY.

THE Rev. Thomas Arundell, B.D., whose death on the 5th inst., at the age of sixty-three, has been recently announced, was a son of Mr. Thomas Tagg, one of the leading members of the Methodist Church in the City. Mr. Arundell in an early life dropped his father's name of Tagg, and assumed the maiden name of his mother. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and, after serving several London curacies, received from Bishop Blomfield, an old friend of his father, the living of St. Peter's Hammer-smith. This he resigned, in 1860, for the benefice of Hayton, in Yorkshire, and since January 1876, he has been the vicar of the suburban parish of Whetstone, near Finchley. Mr. Arundell was the author of the *Life and Death of the Rev. Montague Batt* (1858) and of an elaborate volume on the *Historical Reminiscences of the City of London and its Livery Companies* (1869). He has also published many single Sermons, and been a constant contributor to periodical literature.

By the death at Walmer on the 7th of this month of the Rev. Stephen Jenner, a well-known writer in controversial divinity has passed away from our midst. He was a native of Kent, and, after having sojourned in many counties of England, died in that which gave him his birth. He was a scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, and took his degree in 1834, being in the middle of the senior optimes. After holding many lectureships and curacies in London and the home counties, he settled, first as curate in charge and afterwards as vicar, at Bekebourne, a picturesque parish near Canterbury, in which the archbishops of the metropolitan See formerly had a palace. Under the pseudonym of "Theophilus Secundus," he published in 1854 an answer to Arohdeacon Wilberforce on the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. In the same year he issued a volume of essays on the chief questions then being discussed in religious circles, to which he gave the title of *Truth's Conflicts and Truth's Triumphs*. Twenty-one years later he came forward as the author of a work on the prevalent fallacies in belief and worship; and in 1878 he published a volume entitled *The Three Witnesses*, which was written for the confutation of the sceptics. Twice, at least, he ventured into the fields of poetry; but neither of these attempts was received with the same favour as his works in polemical theology.

THE death is announced of Mrs. Child, author of *The Girl's Own Book*, *The Mother's Book*, *The History of the Condition of Women in Various Ages and Nations*, *The Frugal Housewife*, &c., and of various anti-slavery publications, of *Letters from New York*, *A History of the Progress of Religious Ideas*, *Life of Isaac T. Hopper*, *Romance of the Republic*, &c. The *Nation* remarks that (as Miss Francis) she made her successful debut as almost the first American authoress of the present century with an Indian story called *Hobomok*; and the ripeness of her intellectual powers is shown by the familiar fact that the next year (1825), at the age of twenty-three, her Revolutionary tale, *The Rebels*, contained a sermon ascribed to Whitefield and a speech to James Otis which were long supposed to be authentic pieces, and the latter of which is still declaimed by schoolboys along with the

speech on the 4th of July which Webster put in the mouth of John Adams.

The death is likewise announced of Mr. Frederick Haynes McCalmont, author of a Parliamentary Poll Book, which had reached a second edition; and of Herr Emil Pallese, actor and lecturer, and author of two dramas, *King Monmouth* and *Oliver Cromwell*, of a Life of Schiller, and of a volume of lectures entitled *The Art of Diction*.

SELECTED BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BLANC, Ch. L'Œuvre complet de Rembrandt décrit et commenté, reproduit sous la Direction de M. Firmin Didelange. Paris: Quantin. 500 fr.
- BOURNE, S. Trade, Population, and Food. Bell & Sons.
- BROODERICK, G. C. English Land and English Landlords. Cassell, Peter, Galpin & Co. 12s. 6d.
- COOPER, H. Stonewall. The Coral Lands of the Pacific. Bentley. 28s.
- GREENE, F. V. Sketches of Army Life in Russia. W. H. Allen & Co. 9s.
- HUBER-SCHLEIDEN. Ueberseische Politik, e. culturwissenschaftl. Studie m. Zahlenbildern. Hamburg: Friederichsen. 5 M.
- MARRACH, O. Goethe's Faust. 1. u. 2. Thl. erklärt. Stuttgart: Göschen. 8 M.
- OMPTEDA, L. Frh. v. Bilder aus dem Leben in England. Breslau: Schottländer. 7 M. 50 Pf.
- PÉRIN, Ch. Les Doctrines économiques depuis un Siècle. Paris: Lecoffre. 3 fr. 50 c.
- SHEPHERD, G. H. A Short History of the British School of Painting. Sampson Low & Co. 3s. 6d.
- VILLIENCO, R. La República de Venezuela. Caracas: Rotne. 4s.
- WEDMORE, Fredk. Studies in English Art. Second Series. Bentley. 7s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

- CANTERBURY, Archbishop of. The Church of the Future. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
- FENTON, J. Early Hebrew Life: a Study in Sociology. Tribner. 5s.
- LIPPERT, J. Der Seelencult in seinen Beziehungen zur althebräischen Religion. Berlin: Hofmann. 3 M. 60 Pf.
- WOLF, C. A. E. exegetischer u. praktischer Commentar zu den drei Briefen St. Johannis. Leipzig: Kössling. 6 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BASCH, F. Die alten Germanen in der Universalgeschichte u. ihre Eigenart. Wien: Hölder. 2 M. 40 Pf.
- DEL LUNGO, J. Dino Compagni e la sua Cronica. Bd. I. Abth. 2. Milano: Hoepli.
- GUASTI, C. Ser Lapo Mozzi. Lettere di un Notaro a un Mercante del Secolo XIV. Milano: Hoepli. 8 fr.
- HANSEN, E. 5. Bd. Die Reconné u. andere Akten der Hansetage von 1256-1430. 5. Bd. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 20 M.
- LEADER, J. D. Mary Queen of Scots in Captivity, January 1569-December 1584. Bell & Sons. 21s.
- MÉNARD, R. La Vie privée des Anciens. T. 1. Paris: Morcl. 30 fr.
- PAULI WARENBREIDT, Diaconi Casinensis, in sanctam regulam commentarium archi-coenobii Casinensis monachi nunc primum ediderunt. Napoli: Detken & Rocholl. 10 fr.
- PETERSEN, G. Quaestiones de Historia Gentium Atticarum. Schleswig: Bergas. 3 M.
- REICH, O. Die Entwicklung der kanonischen Verfallungslehre von Gratian bis Johannes Andrei. Berlin: Heymann. 2 M.
- SOHN, R. Fränkisches Recht u. römisches Recht. Weimar: Böhlau. 2 M.
- UZANNE, O. Anecdotes sur la Comtesse du Barry. Paris: Quantin. 20 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- AREY, C. Der Bronchialbaum der Säugethiere u. des Menschen. Leipzig: Engelmann. 10 M.
- DIERCKS, C. Entwicklungsgeschichte d. Geistes der Menschheit. 1. Bd. Das Alterthum. Berlin: Hofmann. 5 M.
- HARMS, F. Die Philosophie in ihrer Geschichte. 2. Thl. Geschichte der Logik. Berlin: Hofmann. 4 M. 80 Pf.
- HENLE, J. Anthropologische Vorträge. 2. Hft. Braunschweig: Vieweg. 2 M. 40 Pf.
- LATZEL, R. Die Myriopoden der oesterreichisch-ungarischen Monarchie. 1. Hälfte. Die Chilopoden. Wien: Hölder. 8 M.
- LAUCKE, W. Deutsche Dendrologie. Berlin: Wiegandt. 20 M.
- TECHNER, F. Phonetik. Zur vergleich. Physiologie der Stimme u. Sprache. Leipzig: Engelmann. 18 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- BRUNS, J. Plato's Gesetze vor u. nach ihrer Herausgabe durch Philippos v. Opus. Weimar: Böhlau. 3 M.
- EGGER, J. Studium zur Geschichte d. indogermanischen Consonantismus. I. Wien: Hölder. 1 M. 80 Pf.
- KOERNKE, K. Einleitung in das Studium d. Angelsächsischen. 2. Thl. Heilbronn: Henninger. 9 M.
- LAHMMEYER, L. De apodotico qui dicitur particulae δέ in carminibus homerici usu. Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M. 60 Pf.
- LANZA, C. Esiodo e la Teogonia. Napoli: Detken & Rocholl. 2 fr.
- MUELLER, F. Grundriss der Sprachwissenschaft. 2. Bd. Die Sprachen der schlichthaarigen Rassen. 2. Abth. Wien: Hölder. 3 M. 60 Pf.
- SOHN, A. u. A. KRIEGER-SCHREIB. Heinrich Rückert in seinem Leben u. seinen kleineren Schriften. 3. Bd. Weimar: Böhlau. 5 M.

SURBER, A. Die Meleagersage. Eine historisch-vergleich. Untersuchung. zur Bestimmung der Quellen v. Ovidii Met. viii. 270-546. Zürich: Meyer & Zeller. 1 M. 60 Pf.

TELVY, J. B. Opuscula graeca. Budapest: Lampel. 2 M. 80 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LATIN PRONUNCIATION.

Notting Hill House, Belfast: Nov. 6, 1880.

In a syllabus of Latin Pronunciation, published by Messrs. Deighton, Bell and Co. (Cambridge, 1872) I find it stated—

"The head-masters of schools at their conference held in 1871 declared the system of Latin pronunciation prevalent in England to be unsatisfactory, and agreed to ask the Latin professors of Oxford and Cambridge to draw up and issue a joint paper to secure uniformity in any change contemplated. . . . As we are ourselves agreed in all essential points, and find that there is a considerable body of opinion in the universities and elsewhere in harmony with our views, we beg to offer the following brief suggestions."

Among the suggestions are some which one accustomed to the old style of pronunciation finds it rather difficult to fall in with, such as Cicero = "Kikero," Caesar = "Kayser," Civis = "Keevis," sollicit = "skeeliket," Res = "rays," aurum = "ow-room," &c. Our collegiate authorities here and the masters of the principal schools have adopted the above system in theory at least; but in practice I do not find it much insisted upon. I should therefore esteem it a favour if you would kindly allow me to seek through the columns of your journal some authoritative information on the subject, and to ask

- (1) Is there a uniform system pursued at our universities and large public schools?
- (2) Has the "new pronunciation" been generally adopted, and on the whole approved of, by the head-masters of our leading educational establishments?
- (3) Where the "new pronunciation" has not been adopted, has there been any modification of the old?
- (4) In pronouncing Latin is it still considered correct to give the letters merely their purely English sounds, simply attending to long and short vowels?

JOHN READE.

THE OGHAMS.

21 Chapel Street, S.W.: Nov. 8, 1880.

In reply to Mr. Taylor I would briefly remark that, granted the inventor of the *Bethluisnion* alphabet knew the Rune names and partly based his work upon them, it by no means follows that Oghams, either in form or arrangement, were in any way derived from Runes. For (1) most probably the *Bethluisnion* is not the earliest nomenclature. Tradition is positive on the point. It states that the *Bobel-loth* was prior. These names are nearly all Biblical, and just such as a monk might bring together. It is unlikely they were ever in general use, and the Latin designations were probably employed at the introduction of letters into Ireland. (2) If *p* were regarded, not as an independent letter, but as a soft *b*, it would readily be discarded. (3) It can hardly be quite strange that a sound existing in a language should be introduced into the alphabet, especially when it immediately follows the letter of which it is a modification; otherwise the Cyrillic, Illyrian, Albanian (which, by-the-by, contains an *ng*), and other alphabets would not be so rich as they are. That the innovation was not carried farther only shows that it was not the work of a serious reformer; was rather a toy than a serviceable tool. (4) If Oghams originated in Wales it is very strange there should be no name for them in Welsh; no tradition of their existence whatever. It is more reasonable

to look for the source and focus of a movement where more abundantly manifested than *vice versa*. So that the *terra natalis* of the Ogham alphabet is rather to be sought in Munster than in Pembroke. But this parentage need not invalidate what Prof. Rhys teaches on the usage of Oghams in Wales, or hinder the modification in the value of *f*, when transplanted to Britain.

But his statement that Oghams are never used for cryptic writing is open to doubt. Take the Llandaw stone. The Latin letters read, *Bari vendi filius Vendubari*; the Oghams (*b)taquledema*. Mr. Brash saw what would read *b* before *t*. By advancing each consonant, except *d*, one place, we get *c u a r o m e d e n u*, or *Mec Vendovar*. The *d* is unchanged, else it would make *e*.

On the Fardell stone the Latin reads, *Sagranui Fanoni Maquirini*; the Ogham *Sfaguquaci, Maquiquici*. Letting the initial *s* and *maqui* stand, advance *f*, *ququ*, *qu*, each a place, and read *Sagrruci, Maquirici*. Then, treating *c* as an Ogham letter, advance it one place and turn it round to the bottom line; this makes it *n*. The result is *Sagrruni Maquirini*.

Lastly, on the Trallong stone is the Latin inscription, *Cunocenni filius Cunoceni hic jacet*. The Ogham is *Cunacenni filifeto*. In this last word advance each consonant two places in the Ogham alphabet, and we get *n i i s n n e q u o*. Turn the *s* round to the upper side and it becomes *c*. We then read *qunocennii*.

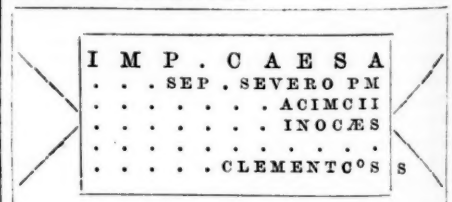
Though these readings are open to objection, there is sufficient consistent method in obtaining the results to make it highly probable that in these instances we have to deal with cryptic writing. JOHN ABERCROMBY.

ROMAN INSCRIPTION DISCOVERED AT BROUGH-BY-STANEMORE.

39 Plumpton Street, Liverpool: Oct. 30, 1880.

I beg to forward some particulars of a most interesting, though unfortunately much obliterated, Roman inscription recently found at Brough-by-Stanemore, Westmoreland.

The ancient church of that village was, a few months ago, undergoing "restoration," and during the necessary operations there was found in the foundations of the south porch a stone which appears to have been of the class usually surmounting the gateways of Roman *castra*. It has evidently been much ill-used in the period following the withdrawal of the Roman forces from Britain before it was made use of by the builders of the church; so much so, that over one-half of the inscription is obliterated. The general appearance of the stone at present, with the extant letters, is this:



The dots mark the letters missing. In the first line the *R* at the termination of the word *CAESAR* seems never to have been inserted in the inscription. In the second the letters *PM* at the end are very puzzling. If they stand for the words *Pontifici Maximo*, they are not in their normal position. Were the letters *PER* in this position there would be no difficulty in the reading, as *Per(tinaci)* would at once be understood; but *PM* seems to be very plain. We seem, however, to have the termination of the word (*Pertinaci*) in the third line, the remainder of which is much weather-worn and obscure.

The letters which I have given in the copy of the inscription as MCH, I have thought *might* be the abbreviation for *M(ilitia) Coh(ortis)*, but there appears to be no trace of an o (even a small one) after the c, and from the contents of the next line such a reading would seem out of place. The termination of the fourth line has evidently been *INO . CAES*. The fifth line is totally obliterated; while the sixth, the most interesting of all, is in a state which renders it very difficult to extract anything from it. Two other antiquaries and myself read the termination of it as I have given it; but I am bound to say that, though I have a very strong opinion as to the correctness of the reading, there is a possibility of its being wrong. If correct, the inscription is unique in its date, as far as Britain is concerned, and I believe also that nothing similar can be found on the Continent.

It will at once be seen by scholars that, as the inscription is dedicated in the first instance to Septimius Severus, if *CLEMENT . COSS* is the termination of the inscription, the date of it must be A.D. 195, the year in which Scapula Tertullus and Tineius Clemens were consuls. No other person bearing the name of Clemens is known as consul during this emperor's reign. It also follows that, if A.D. 195 be the date of the inscription, the Caesar named in the fourth line is Clodius Albinus, and that the line, when entire, must have read *ET . CLOD . SEPT . ALBINO . CAES*. This unfortunate emperor was imperial legate in Britain at the close of the reign of Commodus, and during the reigns of Pertinax and Didius Julianus. Upon the murder of the latter in A.D. 193, he seized the imperial power in Britain, while, at the same time, Pescennius Niger seized a similar power in the East; but Severus, aiming at being sole emperor, from policy conferred the title of Caesar in the same year upon Albinus, until he had disposed of his other rival, Niger. The latter was defeated and slain in A.D. 195, near Antioch, by Severus, who immediately afterwards turned his arms against Albinus. The latter, putting himself at the head of the legions in Britain, crossed over into Gaul in A.D. 196, and in the following year his fate was decided, after a most sanguinary battle, on the plains of Turinnum, near Lugdunum (the modern Lyons). Here he was totally defeated by the army of Severus, and, in consequence, killed himself.

But, even if the reading of the last line should prove not to be correct, the inscription cannot be of a later date than A.D. 198 or earlier than A.D. 196. In that case, the reading of the fourth line would be *ET . M . AVREL . ANTONINO . CAES*, and would refer to Caracalla, who was appointed Caesar by Severus in A.D. 196, and changed that title for Augustus in A.D. 198.

The first and second lines of the inscription are not parallel to each other, a much wider space existing between them on the right-hand side of the stone than on the other; and I think there are evident traces of one or two words, in much smaller letters, having been there inserted, but they are almost totally obliterated. In fact, the inscription seems in every way a peculiar one. It is the first that the station of Brough (Verterae) has yielded, though a number of small leaden seals, inscribed with the names of various cohorts, &c., have been found.

W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

THE WINGED THUNDERBOLT.

Queen's College, Oxford: Nov. 8, 1880.

In his article on the Coins of Elis in the *Numismatic Chronicle*, N.S. xix. pp. 221-73, Mr. Percy Gardner has drawn attention to the winged thunderbolt which appears upon them as early as before B.C. 471. The same symbol was also known in Sicily, and it is stamped on terra-cotta plaques found in the Greek stratum at Hissarlik (Schliemann's *Troy*, p. xxv.). M.

Clermont-Ganneau has pointed out the close relation that existed between Elis and the East, and the occurrence of the symbol among the relics of Novum Ilium shows that it had a home in Asia Minor. I am inclined to see in it, therefore, one of those curious compound symbols which made their way from the East into Europe.

It is impossible not to be struck by the resemblance between its conventional form and the double-headed eagle on the Hittite monuments of Eyuk and Boghaz Keui; and, in default of evidence to the contrary, I would venture to derive the winged thunderbolt of Hissarlik and Elis from this composite Hittite symbol. Hittite art, however, as we now know, was moulded on that of ancient Babylonia, and if we would discover the origin of the Hittite symbol it is to Babylonia that we should naturally look.

Now I have lately made a discovery which throws a good deal of light on the matter. In more than one of the early Accadian hymns, more especially one to the lightning or weapon of Merodach, which I have translated in the *Records of the Past*, iii., pp. 125-130, the lightning is compared to the "*usugallu* which devours all around it." The word *usugallu* is borrowed from the Accadian, and is a compound of *gal*, "great," and *usu*. The meaning of *usu* has been hitherto unknown, though M. Stanislas Guyard has pointed out that the compound *usugallu* seems sometimes to denote a species of large bird. I now find, however, that in a bilingual passage (*W. A. I.* iv. 27, 5, 16) the Accadian *usu* is the equivalent of the Assyrian *abru*, "a wing." *Usugallu*, therefore, means literally "the great winged one," and, applied to the lightning, would naturally suggest to an artist the device of a winged thunderbolt. Since the *usugallu* was thus the great lightning bird, it is difficult not to see in it our old friend, the roc. According to Klaproth (*Nouveau Journal Asiatique*, xii. 235), the storm-bird was "a bird which in flying obscures the sun, and of whose quills water-tuns are made." The Accadians had a long legend about "the bird of the divine storm-cloud," the god Zu of the borrowed Assyrian mythology, which resembles the Greek story of Prometheus and his theft of fire. The Zu-bird, I may add, was a species of eagle (*W. A. I.* i. 22, 2, 107); but the connexion between the eagle and the storm has already been long rendered familiar to us by Greek legend and art.

A. H. SAYCE.

MR. SAINTSBURY'S "PRIMER OF FRENCH LITERATURE."

London: Nov. 6, 1880.

May I be permitted, in acknowledging most of the defects which M. Bourget has pointed out in my little *Primer of French Literature*, and in thanking him for his most favourable general opinion, to justify myself on one point? As to Pascal and Beyle, I can only confess my sins and promise amendment. But if M. Bourget will look at p. 101 he will find a notice of Prévost, inadequate indeed, but such as the scale of the book would allow. I ask you to insert this because, having been for ten years a rival of Desgrieux, I do not wish it to be thought that I have been guilty of the crime of slighting *Manon*.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

ORIGIN OF THE PLOUGH AND WHEEL-CARRIAGE.

Linden, Wellington, Somerset: Nov. 7, 1880.

In thanking Miss Peacock for her suggestion in the *ACADEMY* of October 30 as to the use of ploughs as carts, I fear I must rather spoil the argument by pointing out that the word "plough" is, and long has been, used with the meaning of waggon. If the passage from the Stuart pamphlet about ploughs and horses

laden with provisions being sent out of Launceston were read to a Somersetshire farmer now, it would not occur to him that these were anything but loaded waggons.

This, however, raises the question why a waggon should be thus called a "plough." Was there once a time when wheel-ploughs were really used as vehicles for drawing loads along mule-tracks or across country? I am not aware of any evidence to this effect, but the point would be worth enquiry.

EDWARD B. TYLOR.

THE ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS LATELY FOUND AT BATH.

Oxford: Nov. 5, 1880.

On the 24th of last April the city architect at Bath, Mr. Charles E. Davis, F.S.A., published an account in the *Bath Herald* of his discovery, in the course of excavations conducted by him in what is called the King's Bath, of an inscribed leaden tablet. It lay in close proximity, we are told, to a number of coins of Hadrian, Trajan, Vespasian, Antoninus, Domitian, and other emperors. Mr. Davis gives the dimensions of the lead as one-twentieth of an inch thick, and two and eleven-sixteenths square, with a notch on the left side one and five-eighths long from the bottom, and three-eighths deep. The inscription consists of eight lines, of which the first four are longer than the others, on account of the notch; the letters, with one or two exceptions, look towards the right, but curiously enough the whole reads towards the left. The legend as there given, with the direction reversed by Mr. Davis, runs thus:—

COLAVITVILBIAMMIHIQ
AQVACOMOLIV—TSEC[OR R]IV
AVITEAMLV TAEI
EXPERIVSVELVINNA I LV
GVERINVSÆRIANXSEX
ITIANVSAGVSTALISSE
CATVSMINIANVSCOM
IOVINAGERMANILL

This was accompanied by a translation by Prof. Sayce, and both the legend and the translation were subsequently published, with certain modifications, by Mr. Davis in the *Athenæum* for the 15th of May last, where the latter runs thus:—

"Quintus has bathed [or washed] Vilbia for me with the water; along with Cluquatis he has saved her by means of QVIN . . . TAEI [or TALE]
[His] pay [is] 500,000 pounds of copper coins or quinarii
[Signed] by G. Verinus Ærianus [Ælianus] Exitanus the Augustal Priest, [and] Sextius Catus Minianus along with Jovina Germanilla."

Since then, Prof. Sayce, who has scrutinised the original more than once, has repeatedly examined a good photograph of it with me, with the result that we detected several inaccuracies in the first attempts at reading the inscription; and, finally, I spent half a day over the tablet at Bath with Mr. Davis, when some further progress was made with the reading.

The first line presents no difficulty in point of letters, except the first two characters, which are supposed to be *CO*; I am not satisfied as to them, though I admit that they may be there. The whole line would then run

QIIMMAIBLITVIAL[OC],

which has been taken to mean *Co[l]lavit Vilbiam mihi Quintus*.

The second line begins with *aqua*, of which the initial is rather faint; then follows *com Cluquat*, of which the second word seems to be an abbreviation of a proper name, but my attention has been called to a horizontal stroke drawn through the middle of the *I*, and the letter may be *E*, and not *I*. The rest of the line consists of what has been read as the first

four letters of *servavit*, finished in the next line. The *s* is beyond doubt; the vowel, if it be *e*, is *æ*, and not *e*, but I am not sure that it is not an *i*. What has been taken to be an *r* has, I think, been read so with the aid of a scratch, which I am inclined to regard as no part of the writing; in any case, this *r* would be utterly unlike any other *r* in the inscription, and I find in its place *g* and *i*. Then, as to the *v*, it is so close to the edge that its left arm is not of full length, and I am not sure that the edge has not been filed away since the inscription was made. Further, the inclination is in no wise that of *v*, but of *n*, which I take it to have been; the whole word would then be *seginavit*, and the whole line NIGESTAVQILOMOCVQA.

The third line has, after the *avit* of the verb alluded to, its object *eam*, then a proper name, which seems to be the nominative; this begins with a badly formed *q*, followed by *v*, and that by *i*, or possibly *e* or *æ*; then we seem to have an *m* and a *v*, but on examining the space I am inclined to think that it is more probable that the middle strokes formed *nx* than *m*. The line finishes with *tal* or *tael*; for the *e* is placed in the bosom of the *i*, and ought, according to the run of the inscription, to be read before it, but, as the *i* is close to the margin, Prof. Sayce suggests that the *e* was placed where it stands for want of room to finish the sentence otherwise. The whole line will then stand thus:—

ELATVNNIVQMAETIVA;

but it must not be forgotten that the letters *NNI* are far from certain.

The fourth line has also a damaged part in the same portion of the tablet as the others; up to that it reads ANNIVLEVSVIEREPE, where the initial *e* is faint, and the next one has a stroke over it, which I take as marking the end of the contraction *expē* for *expēdit* or *expēderunt*; in that case, the first nominative will be *Reius*, with an *i* taller than the other letters, and not *Ereius*, as was at first supposed; while the second is plainly *Velvinna*, which seems to have been followed by a third name, now illegible. The next three letters, which complete the line, are partly legible; the first of them cannot be made out, but over it stands a sort of horizontal *s*, marking an abbreviation; it is followed by an *L*, and that by a *v*, with a horizontal stroke drawn through it and another above it; these letters probably represented the amount paid by *Reius*, *Velvinna*, and the third person, whose name cannot be read.

The fifth line has been read

SKESVNAREASVNIREVG,

as to which I have to remark that I am in doubt as to the *g*; it may be a *c*, or possibly *o* or *q*, but if it stands, as has been supposed, for a Roman name, the chances are in favour of *c*. The name following is *Verinus*, in which the *n* has its middle bar placed in the wrong direction, and the letter is otherwise badly formed. The remaining letters begin *Exsitianus*, which is finished in the next or sixth line, and there qualified by the adjective *Agustalis*, not *Augustalis*, I think. This line ends with the letters *ES* or *PES*, for the margin seems to show traces of something like a *p*; the name might then be supposed to be either *Sextius* or *Septimius*.

The seventh and eighth lines read: *Catus Minianus com Iovina Germanill[a]*, where the curtailing of the last word looks strange when we have a considerable blank before *Iovina*, and I am not sure that *Germanilla* was not written in full originally, and the edge since worn away. The *g* in this line might have been taken for one of the sixth century, as found in the Christian inscriptions of Wales and Cornwall; but the one in the sixth line is much more clumsily made, its top being formed of a badly drawn horizontal stroke, which clearly explains

how the Latin *g* passed into the Kymric *s*. The top of the *s* is formed in more than one instance in the same way, and there is nearly as little difference between *s* and *g* in this inscription as in the later ones published by Hübner and by Westwood. The tablet has many other points of great interest as elucidating the way in which the Roman uncials passed into the forms which they assume in the West of Britain in the sixth and seventh centuries, making up the Kymric letters used in Wales down to the end of the eleventh century; but, as they had passed from Wales (probably from St. David's) into Ireland, and thence into the North of England with the Columban missionaries, it has been regarded as anything but Kymric, and is now usually dubbed "Hiberno-Saxon," which serves admirably to conceal its history.

The whole inscription may be regarded as making the following legend:—

"[Co]lavit Vilbiam mihi Q.
aqua com Clivat : segin-
avit eam Quinutale :
expē. Reius, Velvinna, . . . LV :
C. Verinus Aerianus Ex-
sitianus Agustalis : Sep.
Catus Minianus com
Iovina Germanill[a]."

I will not attempt to explain the meaning of the inscription, but will rest contented with two or three remarks that occur to me while waiting for light to be thrown on it by epigraphists. Whether a Roman would write *com* for *cum*, or not, it would have been exceedingly natural for a Celt to do so, as the preposition must have been in his vernacular either *con* or *com*. As to *seginavit*, I can only suggest that the second vowel is irrational (as it is called), and that the word may be regarded as equivalent to *segnavit*, which I should regard as a vulgar form of *signavit*. We have traces of this not only in the Italian *segnare*, but in the Welsh *swyn*, "a charm, a spell, magic," which is the form given in Welsh to a Latin *segnum*, and not *signum*: the latter could only have yielded *sin*. As to the proper names, I take *Vilbia* to be Celtic, and of the same origin as the Irish masculine *Faillbe*, which implies an early *Velbi-os*, or some such a form. It is probably also of the same origin as *Velvinna*, the second *v* of this last and the *b* of *Vilbia* being intended, probably, to represent one and the same sound, that of a *v*. According to Corssen, it became a common habit to write *b* for *v* in Latin from the beginning of the fourth century; and this agrees well enough with the date suggested for this inscription—namely, the end of the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century. The termination *inna* of *Velvinna* is exactly that which occurs in Old Welsh as *enn*, now written *en*, and this form is possibly the prototype of the later Welsh feminine proper name *Owen*. Further, the *e* of *Velvinna* would be more correct than the *i* of *Vilbia*; but possibly this implies a peculiar narrow pronunciation of the *e*, which appears also in *Quinutale*, supposing that to be the right reading; for in that case the etymological spelling would have been *Quennutale*, as the first part, *quinnu*, could hardly help being the same word which is now written *pen* in Welsh and *ceann* in Irish, the meaning of which is head, top, or end. In an inscription in Pembrokeshire of the sixth century or thereabouts it occurs as *quen* in *QVENVENDANI* and as *pennu* on a Gaulish coin reading *HENNOOTINAOE*. Not only does the word for head enter into the composition of proper names, but *tal* does the same both in Welsh and Gaulish, though I have not met with the two together before; the meaning of *tal* in such compounds is not easy to fix, but the whole name *Quinutale* is probably a nominative for an older *Quinnutale*, the final *s* having here disappeared as in almost all Celtic names in the Christian inscriptions of Wales and Cornwall, while it survives in several of the older

Ogam inscriptions of Ireland. As to *Agustalis*, Corssen mentions among his dated instances of a for an *Agusto* for *Augusto* of the time of Nero found at Pompeii. I do not know what to make of *Clivat*; supposing the stroke through the *i* to be accidental, it stands perhaps for *Clivato* or *Clivata*, which might possibly be the Celticised form of some such a word as *clypeatus*. But this is only one of the many points which I hope others will be able to clear up.

I believe I detected the faint traces of uncial letters on the back of this tablet, but I may be mistaken. This is, however, not the only tablet discovered by Mr. Davis. He has found another written, it would seem, in the Roman cursive hand; having spent the whole of my time on the other, I have nothing to say of this, except that it is inscribed on both sides and that I understand that Prof. Westwood is progressing with the reading of it. Lastly, Mr. Davis, to whose kindness I am greatly indebted, showed me a coin found in the same locality. It seemed to be British, and to bear an inscription which I could not read, though I have little doubt that a more experienced person would make it out without much difficulty.

JOHN RHYS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- MONDAY, Nov. 15, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Chemical and Physical Changes Involved in the Several Processes of Fainting," by Prof. A. H. Church.
- TUESDAY, Nov. 16, 7.45 p.m. Statistical: President's Inaugural Address, by Mr. James Caird. "Note on the Tenth Census of the United States of America," by Dr. F. J. Mouat.
- 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Renewed Discussion on "Machinery for Steel-making;" "New Zealand Railways," by Mr. J. P. Maxwell; "Ceylon Railways," by Mr. J. R. Moss.
- 8.30 p.m. Zoological: Report on the Additions made to the Society's Menagerie, June–September 1880, by the Secretary: "On the Structure and Development of the Skull of the Urodetes," by Mr. W. K. Parker; "On the Palearctic and Ethiopian Species of Bufo," communicated by Dr. A. Günther.
- WEDNESDAY, Nov. 17, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Opening Address, by Mr. F. J. Bramwell.
- 8 p.m. Geological: "On Abnormal Geological Deposits in the Bristol District," by Mr. C. Moore; "Interglacial Deposits of West Cumberland and North Lancashire," by Mr. J. B. Kendall.
- 8 p.m. British Archaeological Association: "The Martin Tower, Tower of London," by Mr. C. H. Compton; "Remains of a Roman Wall, Tower of London," by Mr. E. P. Loftus Brock.
- THURSDAY, Nov. 18, 7 p.m. Numismatic.
- 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Conservation and Restoration of Pictures," by Prof. A. H. Church.
- 8 p.m. Linnean: "Classification of Gasteropoda," by Dr. J. D. McDonald; "On a Proliferous Condition of *Verbascum Nigrum*," by the Rev. G. Henslow; "On *Metabidilla McDonaldii*, the Type of a New Order of Vermes," by Dr. G. Dobson; "Novitates Capenses," by Messrs. P. McOwan and H. Bolus; "Australian Fungi," by the Rev. Mr. J. Berkeley.
- 8 p.m. Chemical.
- FRIDAY, Nov. 19, 8 p.m. Philological: Spelling Reform Meeting.

SCIENCE.

The "Bacchae" of Euripides. With Critical and Explanatory Notes and Illustrations from Ancient Art. By John Edwin Sandys, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Public Orator. (Cambridge: University Press.)

A CONSIDERABLE portion of this very elegant volume—about a hundred and fifty pages—is devoted to introductory matter connected with the literature of the play. It is well known that both it and the *Iphigenia at Aulis* were brought out after the death of the poet; and though neither has come down to us quite perfect, both are among the very best of his dramas. A peculiar interest attaches to the *Bacchae*, because the poet, whose habit it was to carp at the absurdities of the popular theology, seems in this play to have given up his rationalism and to have thrown himself heartily into the picturesque and soul-stirring nature-worship which he saw in its full celebrity in the hills and vales of Macedonia.

Whether he really intended to recant, and, as Mr. Sandys says (p. lxxxi.), "put himself right with the public in matters on which he had been misunderstood," or whether he wished to allow all the moral weight that was really due to an ecstatic religious enthusiasm, we cannot say; but we can hardly imagine that the mind of so wise and good a man could have any real sympathy with the extravagant story about the premature birth of the infant Dionysus and his concealment till the full time in the thigh of Zeus. "He enclosed the babe in his thigh" (says the poet, ver. 96), "concealed from the jealousy of Hera, and kept it there fast by golden clasps, and gave it birth when the goddesses of fate had given it full size." Lucian (*περὶ θουσιῶν*, i. 530) speaks of the divine babe as *ἡμιτελής*, and Mr. Sandys well cites *ἡμιτέλειστον* from Nonnus in illustration of the poet's *ἀνίκα Μοῖραι τέλεισαν*. In ver. 295 he retains *τραφῆναι* against the plausible conjecture of Pierson, *ράφηναι*, the word *τρέφειν*, as appears from the Homeric phrase *τρέφει κύμα*, "a big swelling wave," being specially applied to increase of bulk. In favour of *ράφηναι* is *ἐνερράφη*, ver. 286; and Herod. ii. 146, *Διώνυσον λέγονσι οἱ Ἕλληνες ὡς αὐτίκα γενόμενον ἐς τὸν μηρὸν ἐνερράψατο Ζεὺς*. Mr. Sandys does not point out with sufficient clearness (see, however, p. 141) that the whole passage, the genuineness of which he thinks is "open to serious doubt" (p. 140) turns on the pun between *μέρος*, *μηρός*, and *ἡμῆρος*. He might have added that *συνθάτες λόγον* is equivalent to *ψευδῶς*, as *σύνθετοι λόγοι* are "idle tales" in *Prom. Vincit.* 704.

On ver. 270 Mr. Sandys quotes a rather ingenious, but wholly unnecessary, emendation of Mr. Shilleto's—*δυνατός καὶ λέγειν ὅς ἐστ' ἀνὴρ*, for *λέγειν οὐός τ' ἀνὴρ*. The meaning of *δυνατός* seems rather to be "possessed of political influence." Such aspirants to popularity are called *οἱ δυνάμειοι* in *Orest.* 889, and are opposed to the *ἀδύνατοι* in *Ion* 596. The exact meaning of the couplet seems to be this: "A bold man, when he has gained weight in the State, and is besides an orator, becomes a bad citizen because he is wanting in sound sense." Mr. Sandys translates, "if strong and eloquent," which is nearly the same.

Among the varied aspects of the worship of Dionysus as the god of wine, the author (like Pan) of physical and mental excitement and prophetic madness (ver. 298, Herod. iv. 79, Soph. *Ant.* 959), and the patron and author of procreation in its widest sense, the *elemental* is not the least significant. As with the Romans *Liber* and *Ceres*, so with the Greeks *Demeter* and *Dionysus* were the gods of the under-world, typical, of course, of the sun and moon, which in their absence from the sky were supposed to sojourn in and give light to the regions below. Hence Dionysus, like Poseidon, was thought to cause earthquakes and subterranean rumblings. Hence, also (not, as Mr. Sandys says on ver. 84, from boisterous merriment), he had the epithet of *Βρόμιος*, the beating of drums, as we know from a fragment of the *Edoni* of Aeschylus, being intended to imitate the noises heard before earthquakes and eruptions. This, of course, explains why Dionysus is liberated by an earthquake which shakes his

prison to pieces, ver. 633—a catastrophe doubtless represented, by sounds at least, on the stage.

An ingenious and highly probable correction of Mr. Sandys is *ἀνὰ δ' ἀράγματα τυμπάνων* for *ἀνὰ δὲ βάκχια συντόνω* in ver. 126, which is almost certainly corrupt. He might have compared *τυμπάνων ἀράγματα* in *Cyclops*, ver. 205.

It may be doubted, on the other hand, whether he is right in marking *μόσχω* with an *obelus* in ver. 678. The interpretation proposed by me, "the cows were wending their way up the slope to the hill-top, away from their calves"—i.e., leaving their young in the valley below, where they were attacked by the Maenads in ver. 736—is not really invalidated by the mention of young heifers and bulls in ver. 739, 743, because these creatures may have been left together apart from the cows. We ought not, indeed, to criticise too closely a poetical figment—which is precisely like that in *Iph. Taur.* 261—to account for a scene witnessed by herdsmen. Though Mr. Sandys' proposal to read *βόσκων* for *μόσχω* is extremely ingenious, it is liable to the objection that *βόσκων βοσκήματα* would be a harsh combination.

In the extremely fine messenger's second narrative (1043–1152), Mr. Sandys upholds, with Mr. Tyrrell, a reading which I think indefensible—*Μαυαῖδων ὄσσοις νόθων* (MS. *ὄσοι νόθων*). There is no authority whatever for calling the Maenads *νόθαι*, "tricksy," "false," even if such an epithet were applicable to them; and the order of the words absolutely requires the construe, "I cannot reach the Maenads false in their eyes," which, of course, is nonsense. The trifling changes of *ὄσοι* to *ὄποι*, and *νόθων* to *μόθων*, made by Musgrave, give exactly the right sense: "I cannot reach the spot where the lewd dance (or rout) of these Maenads is going on"—i.e., I cannot see far enough to distinguish what they are doing. The idea of stretching the eye to a distance accounts for the adverb of motion *ὄποι*. The word *μόθων*, a satyric dance, is known to us from Arist. *Equit.* 697. There are few corrections in tragedy which can be admitted with the same high degree of probability.

In ver. 1067, where the bending down of a fir-tree is compared to the curvature of a bow, and of a wheel being formed to a true circle by a peg and string, *τόρνος*, Mr. Sandys adopts *περιφορὰν ἑλικοδρόμον*, with Nauck and W. Dindorf, for *περιφορὰν ἔλκει δρόμον* of the MS. Pal. It is difficult to say how a coach wheel could have *περιφορὰν ἑλικοδρόμον*, for the epithet ought to mean "pursuing a spiral track." The simple, though in fact unnecessary, change of *δρόμον* into *δρόμω* gives a much better meaning. The wheel is made to turn or spin round as the peg is held taut to the circumference from a string round the axis; and thus the wheel itself, "while being shaped with the *tornus*, makes its circumference to move round at full speed." So Herodotus (iv. 36) speaks of the Oceanus being made to go in a circle round the earth, *κυκλοτερέα ὡς ἀπὸ τόρνου*. The phrase is precisely like *ἔλκειν πόδα, γόνυ, or κῶλον*, which means simply "to walk." Hence we may retain *δρόμον*, "moves on its course," construing *γραφόμενος περιφορὰν*.

Mr. Sandys has no fault to find with ver.

1108, which appears to me to spoil the whole point of the narrative, and therefore seems a spurious addition. The point of the story turns on the *delusion* which made Agave mistake her own son for some wild animal up a tree. Hence she bears in triumph her son's head, all the time believing it to be that of a young lion (ver. 1174), and it is only at ver. 1280 that she finds out her terrible mistake. At ver. 1212 she even asks for Pentheus, that he may nail up to the temple the lion's head which she has brought. Hence she could not here be made to say, "Let us capture this creature up the tree, and let him not bring report of our secret meetings." For if she thought it was a creature, it could not be a scout; and if she thought it was a scout, other than her son, she could not have persistently called it a lion. Mr. Sandys briefly remarks:—"Agave's fanciful description of the spy as some beast astride of the silver fir is intended to lead up to the sequel where, in her growing frenzy, she regards the head of her own son as that of a lion" (p. 219).

The *tauriform* aspect of the god, of which Mr. Sandys gives two illustrations in pp. 55 and 70, and on which he has a good note on ver. 100, is probably to be explained from solar symbolism, the bull being the common Eastern type of strength. It was for the same reason, perhaps, that Artemis, as representing the moon, was called *Ταυρόπολος*, "attended by the bull," i.e., by the sun, "her lusty paramour."

Snake-worship and the playing with venomous snakes connected with it (ver. 698) formed a part of the Bacchic worship more nearly related, like the symbol of the fir-cone, to the phallic attributes of the god. The custom of affixing a golden snake to a newly born child, as the Athenians are said to have done, *ὀφείσιν ἐν χρυσιγλάτοις τρέφειν τέκνα* (*Ion* 25), much resembles that still in use, the snake-bracelet worn by ladies, "after the antique." We are here told (ver. 101) that Zeus crowned the young Dionysus with a wreath of snakes, "whence the Maenads even yet twine round their hair snakes which they have caught." Here we meet with a difficulty. Mr. Sandys reads *ἄγρην θηροτρόφον*, the MS. Pal. having *θηροτρόφοι*, and the MS. Flor. *θυρσοφόροι*. The authority of the Palatine is rather the higher, and some epithet certainly seems wanted to *ἄγρην*. Snakes, it is true, feed on frogs and "such small deer" (the word, by-the-by, is the same as *θήρη*); yet "frog-fed creatures which they have caught" sounds quaint. Mr. Sandys' version, "fling around their hair the wild serpents of their prey," only evades the difficulty. Perhaps, with Hermann, *ἄγρην δρακόντων* may be understood from the preceding verse, and *θυρσοφόροι* will not be an idle epithet, but signify "when they bear the thyrsus in the revel," the same as *θυρσοφοροῦσαι*.

It seems doubtful whether *εἰς παρασκευήν* in ver. 457 can mean "for the furtherance of your object" (the seduction of women), and it is not sufficiently defended by *ἐκ* or *ἀπὸ παρασκευῆς*, quoted from the orators. "To a degree that shows care," "to the extent of making it so artificially," may be a better rendering. So *εἰς πλησμονάς* in *Troad.* 1211 is *usque ad satietatem*.

Taken as a whole, Mr. Sandys' notes are

undoubtedly judicious, and he has shown himself throughout a critic of sound and matured caution, as well as of true poetic and artistic feeling and taste, in the revision of the text. Of the many beautiful illustrations in the volume we need not here speak.* The Introduction is, perhaps, a little too long, but it shows much reading and much careful consideration of all the bearings of the play. There is so much to be said about Bacchic cult and Bacchic mysteries that the difficulty is where to stop. The poet found it in Pieria, the cradle of the Greek Muse, and the halfway home between the Eastern and the European *termini* of an orgiastic worship which had enormous popularity even in Italy quite up to the time of Trajan. Perhaps it was to please his patron Archelaus, or to disarm his doubts and fears as to the moral tendency of it in his subjects, that Euripides composed one of the most charming poems of antiquity.

F. A. PALEY.

CURRENT SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

A History of the British Marine Polyzoa. By Thomas Hincks, B.A., F.R.S. (Van Voorst.) This is the second important work which Mr. Hincks has added to Mr. Van Voorst's most valuable series. His *History of the British Hydroid Zoophytes* is well known to all naturalists. The present work consists of a thick octavo volume of letterpress, and a second volume containing a long series of excellent plates, in which all the British marine polyzoa are most carefully figured. Mr. Hincks has drawn nearly all the figures himself from actual specimens. A general account of the structure and life history of the polyzoa is given in an Introduction, and a detailed description of all the British families and species follows. Many changes have been made in the nomenclature, and many familiar names are omitted or appear in new shape. This was to some extent unavoidable, and the author has evidently devoted much pains to the revision of the genera. Many good wood-cuts are inserted in the text, and the work as a whole is most creditable to both author and publisher.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

At the opening meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday last Mr. Joseph Thomson gave an account of the work of the East African expedition, to the command of which he succeeded on the death of Mr. Keith Johnston at the end of June of last year. Particulars of this important journey of exploration have appeared in the ACADEMY from time to time, but Mr. Thomson's paper contained much interesting matter not previously furnished in his periodical letters. This is especially the case with the mountainous tract traversed just before the north end of Lake Nyassa was reached. Its physical geography and geology are not more noticeable than its ethnology, for here were found some most miserable and degraded types of the Negro race in the Wapangwa, Wanana, and Wakinga tribes. These people have dark, sooty skins, prognathous jaws, and thick lips, with small heads and shrunk-up, withered bodies, indicative of a most wretched kind of existence. They go, as a rule, perfectly naked; and live in conical huts seven feet high, and five or six feet in diameter, crawling in and out through a hole. It was found almost impossible to communicate with them, as they appeared to be quite devoid of abstract ideas, and to have had no intercourse with the outside

world. The Wapangwa, in addition, were remarkable for being a squinting tribe. Mr. Thomson seems to have formed the idea that these tribes are in their present condition from having remained absolutely isolated; but others may incline to the opinion that it is a case of gradual degeneration. Again, with regard to the north end of Lake Nyassa, Makula's country, a triangular space cut out of the great plateau, is described as having special interest for the geologist in the most beautifully preserved examples of extinct volcanic cones that can well be conceived. One of the most important services rendered by Mr. Thomson consists in the new light thrown on the commercial capabilities of a large portion of East Central Africa, which derives great value from his attainments as a geologist. The chief characteristic of the country between the lakes, according to him, is its extreme barrenness and the absence of anything worth trading for. He nowhere saw a single metal in a form which could be deemed profitable or workable; and, although there is a certain amount of iron, there is very little more than enough for the wants of the natives. He saw no coal at all, and his researches lead him to believe that such a mineral does not exist in the wide area traversed by the expedition. There are many other points in Mr. Thomson's paper to which we might allude did space permit, but it is a little disappointing not to have rather more detailed information about the famous Lukuga Creek and the newly discovered Lake Hikwa, or Leopold, as he has unfortunately thought fit to name that curious sheet of water.

A THIRD missionary expedition for East Africa has just left Algiers for Zanzibar, to reinforce the stations already formed by the Algerian Missionary Society on Lake Tanganyika and the Victoria Nyanza. The party, which numbers seventeen members, is accompanied by the Abbé Guyot.

THE new number of the French Geographical Society's *Bulletin* contains the text of Dr. Panagiotis Potagos' account of his remarkable journey in the region to the west of the Upper Nile, during which he claims to have penetrated farther into the unknown interior than any previous traveller. His paper is illustrated by a sketch map of his itinerary which is unfortunately on too small a scale to be of much real value.

CAPT. T. L. PHIPSON-WYBRANTS' important expedition to South-east Africa had, by last accounts, already commenced its march into the interior from Sofala. It is reported that Umzila, the powerful ruler of the mountainous country in the interior which they hope to reach, has shown himself decidedly hostile to Europeans. The party, however, being numerous and well armed, do not appear to apprehend molestation. This attitude on the part of Umzila may, perhaps, put a stop to the advance of the Jesuit missionary party from Gubuluwayo, in the Matabele country, though at one time they felt assured of a friendly reception. They also themselves express some fears as to the treatment another of their expeditions is likely to meet with in the Marutse-Mabunda country beyond the Zambesi.

UNDER the auspices of the Russian Geographical Society, M. Mérejkoffsky has been making some interesting explorations in the Crimea, mainly for the purpose of investigating its prehistoric anthropology. With this end in view, he undertook two journeys, both lasting some weeks. In the first he explored almost the whole region, from Pérekop to the south coast, and from Eupatoria to Karassubazar. During this expedition he explored twenty-one caverns, of which four contained remains of the Stone period; in one of these he found two

magnificent lances of large size, and the tooth of a mammoth among the calcined bones of the mammoth and other animals, this being the fifth instance of relics of antediluvian man having been found in Russia. M. Mérejkoffsky also made interesting discoveries in some of the other caverns, in addition to a collection of fifty-six Tatar skulls. In his second expedition he explored over thirty caves, with somewhat similar results.

M. MALAKHOFF has also been engaged for the same society in scientific investigations in the Ural, and has discovered traces of a prehistoric city fifty miles from Catherineburg. He also made excavations along the little river Isset, and there found a prehistoric city, previously unknown. His excavations at the village of Kashker, on the shores of Lake Yurino, have yielded good results.

As we have before mentioned, M. Potanine spent last winter at Irkutsk, but has had to return to St. Petersburg, the disturbed political relations between Russia and China rendering it impossible for him to carry out his exploration of South-western Mongolia.

PROF. WILHELM TOMASCHKE has just published (Vienna: Gerold) the second instalment of his *Central Asian Studies*, which deals with the dialects of the Pamir.

M. MATEFF, a well-known Russian traveller, will shortly publish a work on Bokhara, embodying the results of his recent studies and explorations in that country. It will be illustrated by a map, which will throw a new light on part of the region traversed by him.

AN International Geographical Institute has been founded at Berne with a somewhat imposing programme. Its object is to observe and note with the utmost minuteness all the geographical discoveries throughout the entire world, and to publish from time to time a *Bulletin*, to keep the public well informed of the progress which is being made in the science. Further, this society proposes to make the collection of scientific data easy for travellers by drawing up programmes for their guidance as to the work to be carried out by expeditions and the manner of doing it.

M. GRIGORIEFF, who formed one of the party in the unlucky steamer *A. E. Nordenskiöld*, has been spending some time in Japan, and on his return to St. Petersburg has presented to the Russian Geographical Society a magnificent series of sketches of the different races in Japan and of photographic views of the various localities which he has visited. He also brought back with him an interesting present for the society from the Japanese Governor of Hakodadi.

A TELEGRAM from New Rugby, Tennessee, states that the settlers in Mr. Thomas Hughes' projected colony are much disappointed at finding the land all covered with trees, the clearing of which will involve much labour and expense; the soil, too, is described as poor, and can only be made available for pasturage.

SIR BARTLE FRERE will read a paper on November 22, before the Royal Geographical Society, on "Temperate South Africa as a Route to the Central Equatorial Region."

SCIENCE NOTES.

The Fossil Corals of Sind.—Prof. Duncan has examined for the Geological Survey of India an important series of corals and alcyonaria collected by Messrs. T. W. Blandford and Fedden from the cretaceous and tertiary strata of Sind. The results of the examination have lately been issued by the Survey in the shape of an illustrated monograph. The cretaceous species indicate a

* See ACADEMY, October 2, p. 247.

shallow-sea formation, where the corals existed under conditions not highly favourable to their growth. The tertiary corals not only include a nummulitic series, but indicate that there exists an upper series of coralliferous strata which merit the title of oligocene. At a later period an important miocene fauna must have prevailed in this area, and many of the fossil corals correspond with forms found in the miocene strata of the West Indies.

SOME have disputed the true nature of the submarine Crannog discovered and described by Mr. Ussher at Ardmore, Co. Waterford. This, however, seems to be proved by the late storms, which have cut out the peat to the seaward, exposing the ancient kitchen midden and additional remains.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, Oct. 28.)

PROF. MAYOR, President, in the Chair.—Mr. Verrall offered and defended various emendations in the *Medea* of Euripides.—Mr. Paley communicated a paper controverting Mr. Mahaffy's view on the antiquity of the Abu-Simbel inscription, *Hist. Gr. Lit.* ii. 2.

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY.—(Tuesday, Nov. 2.)

THE Secretary read a communication from Prof. A. H. Sayce, on "The Bilingual Hittite and Cuneiform Inscription of Tarkondemos," upon which letters have already appeared in the *ACADEMY* of August 21, September 4, &c. Dr. Mordtmann appears to have been the first to describe the boss in 1862. Prof. Sayce, having come across his description, recognised the Hittite character of the object; but his doubts as to its authenticity were not satisfied until he had compared Mordtmann's plate with a cast taken at Constantinople twenty years ago by M. Fr. Lenormant, from the original boss, and another from the electrotpe in the British Museum. This comparison at once satisfied him that the copy we possess is as good as the original itself. The cuneiform legend he read as follows:—
D P Tar - rik — Tim - me 'sar mat Er - me - e.

Tarrik Timme King of the Country of Ermé.

Prof. Sayce was of opinion that the forms of the characters must be referred to the age of Sargon. The last character has, for instance, the archaizing form similar to that found on the stele of that monarch discovered in Kypros; the ideograph used to denote *king* belongs to the same period; and the third character has been slightly changed in form. This date he was of opinion would well agree with historical probabilities. It was in the time of Sargon that Assyrian culture first gained a permanent footing in the west, while the overthrow of Carchemish and the last relics of Hittite power in B.C. 717 would, he thought, naturally lead to the disuse of the Hittite mode of writing and the spread of the cuneiform characters employed by the Assyrian conquerors. The name of the king was compared by Mordtmann with that of the Kilikian King Ταρκονδemos and his son of the same name. This name is found on coins, and is also mentioned by various ancient authors. Prof. Sayce, after having discussed the probable area of country ruled over by Tarkondemos, in his analysis of the Hittite characters which surround the figure explained them thus:—The inscription is in accordance with the usual *boustrophedon* manner of writing, commencing at the top on the right side, between the spear and the shoulder of the figure, the obelisk-like character between the spear and the lower part of the figure coming next; and then, recommencing outside the spear from the bottom of the boss, the artist worked upwards from below: consequently the four vertical lines, as Mordtmann called them, will be the last character in the legend. We should further expect that the royal name would be included in the space between the spear and shoulder, while the character enclosed between the legs and the lower part of the spear would de-

note the kingly title; in this case, what Mordtmann terms "an obelisk" would be the ideograph for *King*, the double obelisk signifying country. This assignment of characters agreed, in the opinion of Prof. Sayce, with similar ones to be found in the inscriptions from Jerablus and Hamath. Taking the identification of the above two characters as correct, the remaining ones presented little difficulty. The two hieroglyphs which precede the ideograph of *King* contain the royal name read from top to bottom, and consequently the animal's head is *Tarku*, or *Tarrik*, the next character *timme*, the character which follows the double obelisk being *er*, and the two sets of two slightly inclined lines *me*. The side stroke following the last of these characters, also found in other inscriptions, appeared to denote the end of a sentence or paragraph. Much interesting and valuable information with comparisons was added on the various hieroglyphs, and also on the position of the Hittites in the ancient world.—Mr. Thomas Tyler read a paper on "The Inscription of Tarkutimme, and the monuments from Jerablus, in the British Museum."—Remarks were added by the Rev. W. Wright, who first sent casts of the Hamath inscriptions to England; Mr. R. Cull, F.S.A.; the Rev. C. J. Ball; Dr. Birch; and the Secretary, Mr. W. H. Rylands, who thought that the date fixed for the silver "boss" was much too early, and that the same might be said of the inscriptions, and particularly the seals. He also thought that it should not be forgotten that the original "boss" had been pronounced to be a forgery, in support of which evidence could now be brought forward. He also mentioned that the society had a large quantity of these hieroglyphs in the form of type, and he hoped that a *corpus* of the "Hittite" inscriptions of Carchemish and Jerablus would be issued in an early number of the *Transactions*.

FINE ART.

A History of Greek Sculpture from the Earliest Times to the Age of Pheidias.
By A. S. Murray. (John Murray.)

ARCHAEOLOGISTS who have had the good fortune of being able to study in detail the Greek sculptures of the British Museum will find the reading of this book recal a multitude of very pleasant sensations, both personal and practical. One of its attractions, like that of good wine when it tastes of the grape, lies in this, that it constantly brings to bear on the main subject, not only the abundant resources of the place where it has been worked out, but also the impulse and spirit which arise from a steady intercourse with students of kindred tastes and aspirations.

It is enough to remember the extensive series of sculptures obtained by Fellows and Newton to see that, as far as regards the archaic period of Greek art, the British Museum must hold the first place among public collections; and, accordingly, it cannot be an accident that the illustrations selected by the author are mostly drawn from originals in London, or that his arguments very often and spiritedly lead us to the galleries of ancient sculpture in the British Museum. Thus it happens that the English public, whom he in the first place addresses, obtain an excellent introduction to the closer study of the treasures nearest home; while a wider scientific circle of those to whom so fortunate a *frui paratis* has not been granted will find themselves stirred and delighted by a certain local attraction in the book which gives it a special value and lends it the charm of directness.

It is beyond question that every endeavour to present a coherent and complete view of the development of Greek art must in our day encounter unusual difficulties. The

number of workers is increased, and, owing to the variety of fields to which they apply themselves, the pace of research has become so rapid that, without the aid of a systematic classification of the results which as yet we do not possess, it is almost impossible to follow it satisfactorily in all points. Even greater is the increase in the material for research; nor is any combination of labours sufficient to work up the annual accumulation of new facts so well as would be possible under a more gradual development. It is energy in excavation which gives the archaeology of the present day its peculiar character. One discovery surpasses another, astonishment follows on astonishment, what was improbable becomes a reality, well-founded convictions fall to the ground, great gaps in knowledge are filled up with extraordinary speed only to show themselves in other unexpected quarters. So to speak, there has burst suddenly over the whole field of study a sort of volcanic force which must be allowed to settle down before a comprehensive treatment of the subject can be attended with complete certainty. The effect of this state of things is evident in the plan and scope of most of the works that appear now. The main desire is to investigate what is nearest at hand and of a special nature. More than ever monographs rule our literature. For questions of a more general character and wider reach the favourite attitude is that of waiting. Thus to become satisfactorily familiar with this multitude of isolated results and individual opinions, and to render a service to the science of archaeology as a whole by means of a comprehensive treatment of the subject, which is always the highest task, demands more courage than ever.

This courage, contrasting as it does with that every-day prudence which dreads nothing so much as the possibility of being found wrong, has stood the author of this book in good stead. For defence and attack he shows himself possessed of all the necessary weapons, and everywhere he knows how to use them with skill and ingenuity. Even in the choice and strict limitation of the task we see his accurate judgment. For while other periods and other branches of Greek art without doubt afford a more general and more direct pleasure, it is, on the other hand, the early history of Greek sculpture which is richest in historical importance. It is there that we find specially the true key to the understanding of the whole development of art in Greece. In another respect also the author has done well—that is, in avoiding, so far as they came within his range, those questions in which Greek art is associated with the more general problems of political and social life, and for which a solution may stand over to better times when knowledge is more exact. He has confined himself strictly to a history of the sculptors and the monuments of their art—a task more easy to accomplish and urgently called for.

That history has many dark and semi-dark places; so that a mere narrative representation of it, such as so often passes muster as perfection, would now prove more than ever to be only a pleasant deception, and on this account could not be adopted by the author of this work. On the con-

trary, numerous critical notes, which show an extraordinary acquaintance with even very remote matters in foreign literature, are adduced to confirm the statement of particular views in the text, or where necessary to discuss points of detail. Yet in these notes he has observed a reticence which only those can appreciate fully who are engaged in similar researches. Everything of purely learned interest is separated from the narrative of the text. The narrative itself, while everywhere comprehensive, is brief and precise, everywhere directed to what is positive and essential. Here and there, perhaps, it is too brief. We miss, for instance, a chapter on Schliemann's Mycenae antiquities, which, though as yet only beginning to be studied in a scientific manner, possess even now great importance for the earliest stages of Greek art.

With few exceptions, which, unfortunately, include those most interesting sculptures from the old Artemision at Ephesus, here published for the first time, the illustrations are excellent. With special pleasure we lingered over the finely executed reconstruction of the Shield of Achilles from the hand of Mr. W. Harry Rylands (pl. 1). With the previous researches of Welcker and Brunn to start from, and with a perfectly ingenious application of ancient Oriental representations, we have here for the first time an attempt to show in a single picture that Homer's description of the shield was no creation of his fancy, and this attempt is not only instructive, but, within the limits imposed on it by the nature of the case, has proved convincing.

As regards the text also I feel myself fascinated, agreeing or doubting and remembering much to point out in detail. But in this place it seems better, and for me certainly it is personally more important, to give full expression to the main fact that the author, to whom, more or less, all archaeologists are indebted for much practical assistance, has by this new work on the history of art earned a title to general gratitude and to unhesitating recognition.

OTTO BENNDORF.

Dalziel's Bible Gallery. (George Routledge & Sons.)

THIS very handsome folio of India proofs carries our thoughts back some twenty years to the golden time of modern book-illustration, to the early days of *Good Words*, *Cornhill*, and *Once a Week*, when Millais and Walker, Holman Hunt and Frederick Sandys, Lawless and Solomon, were working for the wood-engravers and producing designs well worthy of being preserved and prized for their imaginative qualities. The present-day art—that which the periodicals now afford us—contrasts indeed strongly with the art of which we have been speaking. Not seldom technically weak, it scarcely ever shows any trace of imagination or of poetic feeling. Even the strongest of the designers now connected with our periodical press—men like Du Maurier and Small—content themselves with reflecting, and that in no very earnest spirit, the life that is around them, dwelling mainly on its trivialities and its external aspects. It was different twenty years ago. Then the pre-Raphaelite influence was still

a strongly operative power, and several of the leading book-illustrators had been among the chief masters of the movement. In their designs there was expressed, with equal clearness and emphasis, the two main aims of pre-Raphaelitism—its effort after truth to nature in face, figure, and landscape, and after feeling and intensity of human sentiment. At the head of such of these illustrators as made contemporary life their main study we must place Millais and Walker. In the designs of both the purely technical aims of art are kept well in view. Their way of work, too, was admirably adapted for successful wood-cut reproduction, its arrangement of black and white on the paper being specially felicitous and satisfying, as may be felt if we compare their illustrations with those of Holman Hunt. The latter artist attains breadth in his work by a method exactly the reverse of that adopted by most painters, and notably by Rembrandt. He floods the greater part of his design in full light, and accents it with points of shadow; consequently, in his wood-cut designs, we feel painfully the loss of the colour that in his paintings gives interest and variety to large spaces which, when translated into black and white, must be rendered as mere blank paper. Identifying himself in his book-illustrations with those Eastern scenes which have been his special study, he has also produced some mediaeval subjects of very exceptional excellence; and the little wood-cut illustration to *The Lady of Shalott*, in the illustrated Tennyson, must rank as one of the grandest imaginative scenes which, in our century, have been embodied by graphic art. But the great master of mediaeval subject among the pre-Raphaelites is, of course, D. G. Rossetti. His plates in the volume above mentioned, his four designs to his sister's poems, and his single illustration to Allingham's *Schoolmaster* are quite unequalled among the efforts of our contemporaries to give life and reality to the scenes of the legend and of the past. Mr. F. Sandys' work at its best is excellent both in subject and technique, both in thought and in the expression of thought. Modern art has not too much worthy, for invention and poetic power, to set side by side with his *Norse Sorceress*, contributed to *Once a Week*, with that tender sky of its distance brooding over the towered city in the valley beneath. The best designs of Simeon Solomon, such as *Until the Day dawn and the Shadows flee away*, were never published as book-illustrations, though a selection of them has been made accessible to the public by the photographs of Mr. Hollyer. Mr. Lawless was a gifted artist, whose work varies strangely in style and treatment; his method changes as constantly as did the quaint monograms and signatures which he appended to his designs; now in his scenes from modern life he is reminiscent of Millais, again we find him in the Middle Ages and his work recalls that of the best of our mediaevalists. His noblest design is probably *The Death of John of Padua*, contributed to *Once a Week*. Done always at speed, to meet the need of the day and the hour, the illustrations of these men were necessarily imperfect and unequal, yet always full of invention and freshness.

Scattered through various periodicals, their work is not easily obtainable in its entirety; and it is greatly to be desired that a selection of the best of it should be gathered by some careful and fastidious hand, and brought together in a convenient volume. Specimens of it were included, along with much of less interest, in the collected edition of Thornbury's *Poems*; but something at once more comprehensive and more exclusive is required, and would form a valuable contribution to modern art-history.

Many of the artists of whom we have just spoken are represented in the volume now under consideration; but its plates can scarcely be regarded as a survival, in the art of the present time, of aims and methods similar to those of twenty years ago; nor are the illustrations representative of the actual powers of the artists whose work they reproduce. It is long since the volume was first announced, years have been spent in its production, and those of the wood-cuts which bear a date were executed early in the sixties. In the single example given of Mr. Hunt's work—*Eliezer and Rebecca at the Well*—the background and the tree in the middle-distance are simply and excellently executed, the face and figure of the heroine are striking and graceful, but the lower limbs of Eliezer show singular feebleness of drawing and awkwardness of attitude. From Mr. Madox Brown we have three designs. The works of this great and splendid colourist lose much when translated into black and white. *Joseph's Coat*, one of the finest of them, is dramatic in conception and richly varied in detail; but it shows a tendency, not uncommon in the artist's work, to push expression and individuality to the verge of caricature, a fault even more observable in *The Death of Egdon*. We have strength and deep feeling in Mr. Brown's other plate, *Elijah and the Widow's Son*, with the youth borne by the white-haired prophet from the gloomy chamber of death into the sunlight, his eyes wild yet with the wonders of the shadow-land where he has sojourned, his head chapleted with funeral flowers, and his limbs still swathed for burial. Mr. Burne Jones' single contribution, *The Parable of the Boiling Pot*, is referable to the artist's earlier manner, when he was strongly influenced by Rossetti and had scarcely as yet asserted his full individuality. Since then he has learned much from Greek art, or at least has learned much that Greek art might teach; and grace of line and settled quietude of sad and sweet expression have taken the place of that quaintness and intensity which characterise such of his earlier works as the present wood-cut and the noble *Sigurd*, contributed many years ago to *Good Words*. From Mr. Solomon come six subjects illustrating in a very tender and sympathetic way scenes from the history of his race. *Abraham and Isaac* in particular is noteworthy for its fine treatment of landscape and of foreground vegetation, and for the graceful figure of the lad who bears the wood for a burnt-offering. *Jacob hearing the Voice of the Lord*, by Mr. Sandys, is broad, simple, and impressive in composition, but the style of its engraving is scarcely satisfactory: the texture, for instance, of the dark sky, against which the white moonlit

No
clouds
sentat
design
is one
for the
his ill
richne
and by
Biblic
Phara
seizure
nanc
mage
of the
Among
the Pr
Prom
and th
crushi
its fie
design
withou
and ex
fective
sugges
dexter
their i
mansh
the be
scarcel
French
hand,
native
from t
academ
illustra
of well
been s
have g
of sev
whom
desiral
and s
Magda
would
and in
illustra
as we
and in
those
and ac
master
gramm
imagin
or desi
A Guic
son.)
Warre
known
M. Poi
Libris
same t
our sh
"lead
Jacoben
landsc
of the
teenth
mottoes
and th
Poulet
all) list
with sp
them.
for it

clouds are sailing, is surely not truly representative of the drawing. For number of designs and excellence of work Mr. Poynter is one of the chief contributors. Dealing, for the most part, with scenes of Egyptian life, his illustrations are distinguished by elaborate richness, by fine realisation of varied surfaces, and by excellent personification of the different Biblical heroes whom he introduces. In *Pharaoh honouring Joseph* we have keen seizure of a remote yet real type of countenance. The treatment of the peacock plumage in this plate should be noticed, and that of the leafage in *The Captives in Babylon*. Among the abundant and excellent work of the President, the plate of *Moses viewing the Promised Land* is striking and impressive; and the scene of Samson seizing the lion and crushing it against a wall is remarkable for its fiery force and energy. In this latter design—and indeed in the illustrations almost without exception—the drawing of the limbs and extremities is singularly weak and defective; and one of the most obvious thoughts suggested by the volume is that the technical dexterity of its designs is greatly inferior to their imaginative power. Faults of draughtsmanship and errors of anatomy, such as mar the beauty of many of these plates, would scarcely be found in the work of contemporary French artists of equal note; but, on the other hand, few of these latter possess much imaginative power, and we are in danger of getting from them merely correct and admirable academy studies, and nothing more. Certain illustrations, some of them bearing the names of well-known Academicians, might well have been spared from the volume, which would have gained in value had it contained examples of several of the unrepresented designers whom we have mentioned. It was especially desirable that Millais should have contributed; and such designs as Rossetti's splendid *Magdalene at the House of the Pharisee* would have been an honour to the work, and in harmony with the spirit of its best illustrations. In spite, however, of such faults as we have indicated, the book is a valuable and interesting one, and will be prized by those of us who feel that technical dexterity and academic skill are not the sum of art, that mastery of these is mastery of only the grammar of art, and that invention and imagination are needed to make any picture or design truly great.

J. M. GRAY.

ART BOOKS.

A Guide to the Study of Book-plates. (Pearson.) In this handsome volume Mr. Leicester Warren, whose eminence as a collector is well known, has attempted to do for England what M. Poulet-Malassis, in his excellent *Les Ex-Libris français*, did for France, while at the same time casting an occasional glance beyond our shores. Separate chapters deal with the "leading styles of English book-plates"—the Jacobean, the Chippendale, the allegoric, the landscape styles. Then follow general accounts of the English dated book-plates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; chapters on mottoes; accounts of such foreign book-plates and their engravers as are not included in M. Poulet-Malassis' book; and (most important of all) lists of English engravers of book-plates, with special accounts of the more important of them. It is rather difficult to class the book, for it is avowedly only a first attempt in what

is, so far as England is concerned, untrodden ground. Hence the lists cannot claim to be at all exhaustive; while, as regards the foreign book-plates, the subject is only, as it were, touched upon. Surely the Germans, who have left no field of knowledge untarnished by their restless plough, have produced volumes on their own book-plates? Mr. Warren does not think so; but the omission is a curious one, if it is an omission. As far as the English part of the subject goes, Mr. Warren has done a great deal towards its investigation. The book would, perhaps, be all the better if he had resisted the temptation to waste descriptive paragraphs on the book-owners that he is brought across—such as John Wilkes, Charles Fox, &c.; but these, although they detract from the book's scientific value, are, perhaps, pardonable digressions in the midst of what, after all, is rather a dry and monotonous department of art history.

MR. WALDO S. PRATT, of the Metropolitan Museum of Arts, New York, has printed in pamphlet form his two excellent papers (read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences) on "The Columnar Architecture of the Egyptians." Mr. Pratt asks once more, Was, or was not, the Doric order imported into Greece from Egypt? And, putting chronology, geography, and all other cognate questions aside, he answers this well-worn query from internal evidence only. He finds that the Doric order was in both instances an original conception; and that, although the result arrived at was very nearly identical, the fundamental conception of each nation was radically different. The Greek column, according to Mr. Pratt, was a free vertical prop, originally round in form; the Egyptian column was a pier, originally square, and having its origin in cave-excavation. For instance, the fluted columns of Benihasan are shaped piers, and not true columns; but, being piers, they are curiously modified in accordance with a certain predilection on the part of the architect for the methods and material of the carpenter. Mr. Pratt traces this predilection back to the period of the pyramid-builders, and deduces from various evidence "an unconscious reversion of forms to a different architectural type from that suggested by the material actually employed." The explanation offered is that the Egyptian race may have originally migrated from a well-timbered region, and so have brought with them to the valley of the Nile the traditions of wooden construction; but that, settling in Egypt, they found stone so much more convenient, magnificent, and durable that they adopted it for their public edifices. Hence, the pier dated from after their migration, retaining the impress of the original wooden column of their first experience; so presenting us, at Benihasan, with an abnormal and perplexing conjunction of styles.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have forwarded to us a portly volume, *The Granta and the Cam*, a number of illustrations "drawn and etched by R. Farren." From the "drawn and etched" we take it that Mr. Farren's *modus operandi* is not that simpler one of the master etchers, who, with about one notable exception, etched their work on to the plate directly. The etching was then what had struck them most forcibly in their subject, instead of a copy in cold blood of what had struck them most forcibly. It might, nevertheless, be a mistake to reproach Mr. Farren, and artists of his rank, with drawing first and etching afterwards. Their etching of Nature makes no claim to be "a soliloquy in the presence of Nature;" it is, on the other hand, a deliberate record of facts, uninfluenced by impression. Mr. Farren gives us a panorama, so to speak, of the two streams to which he is devoted. We gather from the etchings that the drawings were excellent; as regards the prints, they are sometimes wanting in a due

observance of the technicalities of the craft. Cambridge men, however, will find them interesting as *souvenirs*, and the student of art will recognise in some of them the evidence of study of the greater masters. It is probable, for instance, that Mr. Farren has seen the *Three Trees* of Rembrandt. Such reminiscences, at the same time, do not mar the acceptability of the younger etcher's work; only they suggest inevitably comparisons which are dangerous. A little dryness apart, there is much to welcome in the patient sketches of this uninspired volume. The book will have a sale this Christmas, and it is not unworthy of it.

History of Stamford. By the Rev. C. Nevins, M.A. (Stamford: Henry Johnson; London: Houlston and Sons.) Mr. Nevins has compiled a useful account of Stamford from the current printed authorities. It would be perhaps unfair to censure him severely for neglecting original research when he tells us in his Preface that his work is little more than a compilation. His modesty is so extreme that, when he has to describe churches which must be daily before his eyes, he usually trusts, not to himself, but to some previous authority—not uncommonly to Mr. Mackenzie Walcott. Those who know the older books about Stamford will hardly care for this new one; but it will be useful to a visitor to the place who wants to get up a few facts before he visits the churches and other objects of interest in the borough and neighbourhood. It is much better written, and may be more safely trusted, than an ordinary guide-book. There are some strange things in it, however, which indicate a not very deep acquaintance with some of those branches of study which are requisite to qualify a person for writing a history of even the most obscure village. Mr. Nevins talks about Vortigern and Hengist as if he were as sure of their historical existence as he is of that of Henry VIII. He quotes Ingulph over and over again as if that romance were history; and shows not the smallest doubt whatever as to the village of Threkingham having got that name on account of three Danish kings having been buried there. If Mr. Nevins had read what the late John Mitchell Kemble has said about the Mark, and consulted the table at the end of the first volume of his *Saxons in England*, he would have been saved from this really childish blunder. Threkingham almost certainly means the ham or home of the Threcinghas, a Teutonic tribe. It is made up just in the same way in which hundreds of other English village names have been constructed. We really thought that during the last dozen or so of years this very simple bit of philology had been impressed on the minds of everyone who takes even the most transient and languid interest in the history of his country. Stamford Castle was at one time the residence of members of the great house of Warrene. A tradition, which may or may not be true, connects with one of the earls of this race the custom of bull-running on November 13 which long made Stamford an infamous resort for all the people in the neighbourhood who had a love for cruelty. Whatever we may think of the tradition, there is no doubt that this piece of wickedness had a high antiquity to boast of. It continued late. A bull was run there annually until 1839, when the authorities became sufficiently humane to put down the practice. So formidable, however, was the resistance they feared that the police on the occasion had to be supported by dragoons.

Memorials of Cambridge. Greatly Enlarged and partly Rewritten (1858-66) by Charles Henry Cooper, F.S.A.; with Seventy-four Views of the Colleges, Churches, and other Public Buildings of the University and Town Engraved on Steel by J. Le Keux; together with about Forty-five of those Engraved on Copper by Storer, and a few Lithographs,

Re-issue, with Etchings on Copper by Robert Farren, Author of *The Grants and the Cum.* Nos. I., II., III. (Cambridge and London: Macmillan.) Surely, since the Fifth Monarchy men left off writing pamphlets there has never been a book published with a more ill-constructed title. Why could not the author have called his book *Memorials of Cambridge*, and conveyed the rest of the information in a Preface? This strange prolixity is not only inartistic; it is a mistake from a business point of view. Book-buyers, like all the rest of the world, are apt to be too much influenced by first impressions, and will not be inclined to think well of the contents of a book which begins so badly. This will be a mistake; when we get beyond the title all is good. The plates, though they have been most of them used before, are but little worn; and the text which they illustrate is of a high character. A comparison between it and the *Memorials of Cambridge* written by Wright and Jones, which was issued in 1847 (we think there was an earlier edition, but are not certain), shows a marked improvement in every way. The earlier book was mainly compiled from such printed matter as came first to hand; the present one has been the result of conscientious research. The very order in which the colleges come in the new issue shows that thought has been used in the arrangement; and the little notes which from time to time catch the eye indicate that the book has not been solely designed to captivate the undergraduate mind, but that the interests of scholars, students, and such-like inferior persons have also had a share of attention. As this book is likely to be in almost every respect, except its title, so great an improvement on what went before it we hope the publishers will not forget to give us a good index. Nothing of the kind was thought of for Wright and Jones's publication. We hope to speak of the complete work at length at an early date.

A NORSE CEMETERY IN ORKNEY.

The *Scotsman* records the discovery of ancient remains in Rousay, Orkney, as follows:—

"Some interesting researches, which may prove of considerable antiquarian importance, have just been made on the farm of Corquoy, in the valley of Sourin, Island of Rousay, of which Gen. Burroughs, C.B., is proprietor. Immediately above the farmhouse a group of mounds is situated, locally known as 'Manzie's' mounds—a corruption of Magnus—and supposed to mark the site of a burial-place. These are five in number, the largest being irregularly surrounded by four smaller. On carefully trenching the mounds, each was found to contain a stone burial-place, consisting in every case of a top and bottom stone, with four side stones, the whole neatly cemented with tempered red clay, probably from the Sourin Burn. The stones, which were of a flat but massive description, had partly their edges roughly chipped into form, and the firmly set masonry was further strengthened by irregular blocks placed as buttresses to support the superincumbent weight.

"The measurement of the largest mound, which was the most interesting, and with the internal details of which the others closely corresponded, was—outside circumference, fifty feet, and top five and a-half feet from base; inside of burial-place, two and a-half feet by two feet, and one and a-half feet depth. The centre of the cavity was almost filled with what seemed to be clay mixed with very minute fragments of bone, and the action of fire was clearly visible on the stones, as well as on some calcined substance—probably peat. Imbedded in this clay an oval vessel was found, heaped also with similar fragments of bones, &c., and resting mouth upwards, lengthways north and south. The material of the vessel is uncertain. It has a somewhat metallic appearance, interspersed with glittering points on a dark iron-coloured ground. It is of oval shape at the rim, round which there is a kind of plain moulding; from this moulding it

assumes a dome-like shape, flattening into an oval base, on which it was found resting. The vessel measures—diameter of mouth, nine and three-quarters by eight inches; height to top or base, seven and a-quarter inches; diameter of base, four and a-half by three and three-quarter inches; thickness irregular, but averaging a quarter of an inch. Various cracks are visible throughout, but the only part defective is the base, of which about one-third is wanting. Weight about three pounds. The most careful scrutiny failed to detect any further remains in this mound, nor was anything noteworthy found in the others. Two of the other mounds contained burial-places rather squarer in form than the above. The smallest one measured only twelve by six inches, and no cement seemed to have been used in its construction.

"Arrangements are being made for placing the vessel or urn in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh, when competent judges may be able to fix the date of the mounds or the race to which the remains belong."

This appears to have been a small cemetery of those peculiarly interesting interments which Mr. Joseph Anderson in his "Relics of the Viking Period in Scotland" (*Proc. Soc. Antiq. Scot.*, vol. x., pp. 538-48) has correlated with a special class of interments in Norway of the later Iron age. They are interments after cremation, and they differ from Celtic burials in having the burnt bones deposited in an urn of stone instead of the large, ornate vessel of baked clay which is the invariable rule on the mainland of Scotland. The material of these stone urns is usually steatite or magnesian mica—which is suggested by the above description—and Mr. Anderson has described seventeen examples of this mode of interment occurring in Orkney and Shetland. Two of these stone urns in the National Museum of Scottish Antiquities at Edinburgh are respectively twenty inches high and twenty-two inches and a-half in diameter, and seventeen inches high by twenty inches and three-quarters diameter at the mouth. These are the largest known. They have all been scooped out with metal tools. The isles of Orkney and Shetland, which, as is well known, were colonised by the Norwegians in the later period of their Paganism, are the only localities on this side of the North Sea in which this class of burials has yet been found. They are therefore but little known, and up to this time no relics of distinctive character have been found associated with them, except the urns. It is possible that, if this cemetery had been investigated during its excavation by anyone specially familiar with the various classes of Norse and Celtic burials, decisive evidence (though not obvious to the unskilled eye) might have been obtained.

EXHIBITIONS.

MESSRS. AGNEW AND SON'S EXHIBITION.

AMONG the interesting features of this exhibition are some of E. Frère's studies of children. *The Young Translator* (66) is an excellent example of his work. The grace of the girl's figure, the life-like pose of her head, and the drawing of her arm and hand, are worthy of careful observation. *The Amateur Musician* (110) may also be mentioned as noteworthy. Another foreign artist whose works are too seldom seen in England, L. Chialiva, has a landscape here, entitled *A Showery Day* (70), remarkable for some admirably painted sheep and an exquisite piece of distance. In Carl Schloesser's *Sicilian Fisher Boys* (185), the figures of the boys are, as usual with this artist, easy and characteristic; but why must we always have that peacock-blue sea? *Goats in Distress* (31), by H. Schenck, is drawn with great spirit and truth—see especially the goat on the left hand of the picture; but the texture of the goats' hair is not satisfactory. Among the figure subjects we recognise several old acquaintances.

Mr. Hodgson has several of his skilful Tunisian pictures; and Mr. Frith is represented by several works, including a scene from *The Good-Natured Man* (121), which we fancy we have seen before on a larger scale. In Mr. Peter Graham's *Sea Washed Rocks* (84), the rocks and the perspective of the sea strike us as a good deal better than the sky. There is also a picture by this artist of *Gusty Weather* (26) which is new to us. It is an attempt to render the effect of driving rain; and in many respects is clever, but there is a woolliness about the distance which we do not think is truthful. Mr. B. W. Leader is represented by *Summer* (20)—a picture in his pleasant but somewhat oily style—and *A Worcestershire Hayfield* (40), in which the chief thing to be noticed is the marvellous height of the uncut grass in that favoured county. It appears to reach up to the waists of the haymakers. Mr. Vicat Cole's *Medmenham* (14) is a good study of a leaden sky and autumn landscape. There is a careful painting of slate rocks and a moorland stream by Mr. Surtees, called *On the Llugwy* (37). Among the new works, by far the most promising seem to us to be two pictures by Mr. Edwin Ellis. *Evening, Barmouth* (74), is spoiled by a mismanaged shadow on the water; but in other respects, in spite of some eccentricity in colouring, this is a very satisfactory piece of work. *Towing Timber, Barmouth* (89), shows great mastery of water, and the marble-like sky is worthy of notice as an instance of effective use of the palette knife. Mr. Briton Riviere's hares in *On the Qui Vive* (35) are, like all his hares, drawn with perfect mastery of form, and are better than the fox; but do hares assume a greenish tint in summer moonlight? We may add a word of admiration for the technical skill of Mr. Long's *Unconvinced* (97)—two monks arguing out a point; the colour, however, is not attractive. Altogether this exhibition is well worthy of a visit.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

AT the suggestion of several English and American families, a French painter, M. Léon Glaize, is about to open a studio for ladies and young girls in the Rue de Vaugirard. M. Léon Glaize is the son of a painter of merit, and won in rapid succession all the official prizes. He was a candidate for the Prix de Rome in the same year as Regnault; and, in order to award the prize to the latter, the jury was obliged to condone the violation of an article in the regulations forbidding the pupils to essentially modify their composition after giving in the sketch to the jury at the beginning of the competition. He gained all the medals at successive Salons, and is a knight of the Legion of Honour. M. Glaize is a painter thoroughly acquainted with the details of his profession; and his singularly frank and quick intelligence enables him to teach it successfully. His portrait of M. Auguste Vacquerie, the famous author of *Tragaldabas* and political editor of the *Rappel*, whose niece he married, attracted considerable notice at the last Salon. He is a pupil of M. Gérôme, and he has worked at sculpture in the studio of M. Otton.

A PROTEST is made in the *Chronique des Arts* against the proposed installation of the Administration of Fine Arts in some of the apartments of the Louvre. It is considered that the danger from fire is considerably increased by an official residence being taken up in close proximity to the galleries. Such a residence necessitates the use of fires and lamps, and it is certainly best to eliminate all such sources of possible mischief. Considering that the treasures of the Louvre are more than a merely national possession, no care can be too great in guarding them; and, although the most ad-

mirable arrangements exist for extinguishing a fire if it should occur, prevention is in all cases better than cure.

THERE is given in *L'Art* this week an engraving from a design by the late Alfred George Stevens for some bronze gates to be set up at the Royal School of Mines in Jermyn Street. It is not easy, without explanation, to perceive the exact symbolisation intended by some of the reliefs on this gate; but anything by Stevens is sure to be of interest, and, if we may judge from the engraving, this must be a fine original work, such as he alone, perhaps, in these days of sculptural poverty, could provide.

AMONG the pictures at present exhibited in the magazines of the Uffizi is one painted in the seventeenth century, which represents a Quakers' meeting. A number of grave men in the well-known Puritanical costume of the age sit with covered heads round a woman "moved by the spirit" to preach to them. She also wears the "mountain of felt" then in fashion, and a religious sister sits at her feet. This picture, if such is the subject, which apparently it is, must be unique. It is now very dark, but is well painted, and with much gravity of sentiment, although the preacher stands on a tub turned up for her.

A LARGE painting on the subject of the Last Supper has just been completed by Mr. E. Goodwyn Lewis. The artist spent some time in the Holy Land preparing for this work, which has taken four years to execute.

WE understand that the illustrations of Cassell's well-known and popular editions of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Holy War* will shortly be reproduced in Russia in connexion with translations of the text into the Russian language.

MR. BENJAMIN CRESWICK, of Sheffield, a self-taught sculptor, is engaged upon a marble bust of Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Creswick's talent attracted the attention of the great art-critic, who has given him special sittings for the present work.

THE excavations undertaken by Prof. Torma near Altöfen, in Hungary, have led to a new and interesting discovery, which turns out to be of no small importance. As we said, Prof. Torma has laid bare the main entrance to a great Roman amphitheatre, and now, close to the opening, a stone has been found bearing a Roman inscription. On further examination, a whole set of inscribed stone-fragments was dug out. According to the inscriptions, a temple of Nemesis stood opposite the amphitheatre, the walls of which were built, after the destruction of the temple, of material taken from the ruins. One of the inscriptions consists of the following words:—"NEMESI OMNI-POTENTI AUGUSTE MARCUS ULPUS ZOSIMUS XII K[alendas] SEPT[embres] RUSTICO II ET AQUILINO." Prof. Torma has also discovered that the main entrance to the amphitheatre was painted in polychrome, as is proved by a wall-fragment, which, when first laid bare, showed red, green, yellow, and black colours. The colour of the interior seems to have been red on a white ground.

THE *Rassegna Settimanale* states that Messrs. Lepore, of Raiano (Abruzzo), possess a plate which is supposed to be from the hand of Maestro Giorgio. The diameter is 485 metre; and beneath it bears the date 1540. On the middle of the ground is painted an Apollo seated; at his head and feet two female heads crowned with laurel, possibly two Muses; and on the margin symbols of the chase and of music.

MESSRS. W. A. MANSELL AND CO., of 316 and 317 Oxford Street, are early in the field with their Christmas cards. We prefer those in which the humour of animals is pressed into

the service, for even the most cynical, who can say with Hamlet, "Man delights not me, nor woman either," rarely include dog and kitten and bird in the same category. "The Santa Klaus Series" is a not unoriginal attempt in another kind.

THE town of Turin has lately made a graceful recognition of the services rendered to mankind by our great English engineer, George Stephenson. A marble slab has been inserted in the principal façade of the railway station, surmounted on each side by two medallions representing George and Robert Stephenson. An inscription on the marble states that Italy, as represented by Turin, desires to honour the illustrious memory of these two brothers, who, by the perfection to which they brought the locomotive engine, opened out a new life for commerce and laid the foundation of a higher fraternity among the nations. The eagle of Savoy and some graceful bronze work encloses the whole. It would be pleasant to see other towns following the large-minded example of Turin in matters of this kind. Towns, and even nations, are too apt to pay homage only to their own children of genius. It is rarely we find those of another country recognised by any public memorial.

It will be remembered that some two or three years ago a claim was made by the heirs of Napoleon III. to the magnificent collection of arms preserved at Pierrefonds, and to the collection of Chinese objects at Fontainebleau. The French tribunals, after much litigation, decided that these collections belonged to the nation and not to the Imperial family; but it is only quite recently that the nation seems to have determined to take entire possession of them. Ever since the law-suit they have been lying useless, as it were under sequestration; but it has at length been decided that the collection of arms shall be ceded to the Museum of Arms at the Invalides, and that the interesting Chinese collection, mostly derived from the sack of the Summer Palace, shall be re-installed at Fontainebleau, and shown to all visitors.

M. SPASOF is preparing for publication an important work on Russian ornamental art. He has been engaged during the past twenty years in studying and collecting specimens of ancient Russian ornament, and the Ministry of Finance has recently granted a sum of 15,000 roubles to enable him to complete the publication of these specimens. This subsidy induced M. Spasof to revisit, during last summer, all the most important libraries and museums of Western Europe, and also of the Slavonic Principalities, for the purpose of supplying the lacunæ in his collection. He has directed his attention chiefly to the earliest periods of Russian history, and has succeeded in forming an immense collection of copies of ancient Russian ornamentation—principally from books. M. Spasof's work is expected to throw valuable light on the origin and characteristics of Russian art. It will be printed wholly in Russia—a thing most unusual in the case of art-publications—and will form a large folio, with accompanying descriptive letterpress.

IN the *Portfolio* this month Mr. Hubert Herkomer gives a most inviting description of the "Camp" which he established for himself at Lake Idwal, North Wales. This camp was so admirably organised that all the usual inconveniences of tent-life were entirely obviated, and not only comfort and safety, but even elegance and luxury, were to be had within it. Mr. Herkomer gives a drawing of his "studio tent" with its top lights and four plate-glass windows, through which, as we now perceive, the painter has been enabled to study those marvellous effects of storm and mountain atmosphere which he has rendered so power-

fully in some of his later pictures. It is certainly a wonderful contrivance for enabling a painter to work on the very spot which furnishes his subject. The whole encampment also is depicted in a rough etching, and, what with Mr. Herkomer's description of his pleasant life in camp and the enticement which this picture of tents set up in the very heart of the mountains affords, he will be likely, we imagine, to have many followers who will adopt this comfortable plan for "camping out" and avoiding all the miseries of hotels and lodgings-houses. The other articles of the number are the usual one on Cambridge by Mr. Clark, and a poetical description by Prof. Colvin of the scenery of the Tuscan Apennines.

THE STAGE.

EDWIN BOOTH IN "HAMLET."

THERE is little use in polite concealment of the fact—the American actor has won no great hold upon the English public. Players of acknowledged celebrity in the United States have followed one another to our boards, and over and over again, as player and rôle have been judged, curiosity has passed into disappointment. There are exceptional cases, of course; but the exceptions are to be counted almost before we have reached the middle finger. Miss Bateman in *Leah*, Mr. Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*—you cannot name many more. And now Mr. Edwin Booth, the most distinguished and the most versatile of American tragedians, has come over here, not to fail, one is glad to know, but, as it seems for the present, not to take us by storm. The American novelist has often taken us by storm; hardly thrice has the American actor.

Was Mr. Edwin Booth altogether wisely advised in coming first of all before the public as Hamlet? There was an old tradition of the stage—which has its own way of assessing capacities, and sometimes a very different way from that of the occupants of seats "in front"—that every actress aspiring to be accepted in tragedy must know how to act in *The Duchess of Malfi*. *The Duchess of Malfi* was the test. Every actor, even nowadays, who is similarly ambitious feels similarly bound to appear as Hamlet. The play itself, which, in its "questionings and all-questionings," is the *Faust* of English literature, has obtained for generations such a rank even as a piece to be played, as well as a piece for "the closet," that everybody has to do it. But its effectiveness as a test-piece is by no means in proportion to its acceptability. There hardly remains now, even for Gigadibs, "the literary man," that "point in Hamlet's soul unguessed by the Germans yet." Germinus and his fellows have exhausted *Hamlet*. Has not the New Shakspeare Society exhausted *Hamlet*? And the ingenious tragedians of the last few years, with new readings—profundities of meaning in a word or a gesture—have they not exhausted *Hamlet*, in so far, I mean, as mere novelty and mere sensation are to be got out of it? To act Hamlet now, when first appearing before an English public, is hardly, it seems to me, to court enthusiasm; it is to pass an examination. And Mr. Booth has passed it very creditably.

There remains to him, however—as was hinted at the beginning—the disadvantage of the American actor, or of the foreign actor

acting in the English language—Mme. Modjeska's disadvantage, say—that of failing to fascinate, or even to satisfy, us by the use of the English tongue. Gradually, perhaps, we may be arriving at something like an understanding of what it is that constitutes the charm of an actor—what it is that we like him for; and the better we understand what it is, the more important shall we find this qualification which foreigners lack. The truth is, it is not so wholly the thing created—it is not only the thing the artist creates, but the artist himself—in which we are interested. Intellect sways us; imagination sways us. So does beauty of person; so does delightfulness of voice. Quite inexperienced or quite thoughtless playgoers, when they hear Modjeska—when they hear, I am bound to add, Edwin Booth—will exclaim that they like these artists, “all except the accent.” But it is more than the accent; it is the whole delivery of English speech which they dislike really. The pronunciation of a word is one thing; the key in which it is spoken, another. The exquisite speech of pleasant English private life—there is never too much of that at the theatre, and one does not quite see how there can be enough of it with the foreign, or even with the American, actor. As to Mr. Booth in this matter, we need not insist. We have read already in the daily paper the criticism of detail on the “Seems, madam? nay it is.” “Seems,” with Mr. Booth, is a word of five syllables, it appears.

But this inevitable deficiency—albeit by Mr. Booth, as in the case just mentioned, it may be unnecessarily exaggerated—cannot itself prevent the success of a performance, and Mr. Booth's performance was successful, as success has generally to be measured. *Hamlet*, we have said, is an examination; and he passed the examination creditably. A fair figure and a fine eye, features distinctly mobile, and a voice that is serviceable, if not noble or supremely tender—upon these natural qualifications he has grafted all that study will enable him to graft. America, for many years now, has seen in him a scholarly *Hamlet*—an actor not playing idly with the text, neither pedantically retaining a version of closet or stage, nor priggishly sticking for petty novelties. He does his Shakspeare worthily, even if he cannot profoundly move people by fresh revelations. It would seem almost like an insult to America to write that her most accepted tragedian is an intelligent student, patient and elaborate in his work. Of course he is that. We wait to see whether some other piece will reveal him as more than that. He deals greatly in gesture; he is rich in illustrative action. He belongs to a race more demonstrative than ours: an American should have something of the fine excitability of the French. And that should produce much—in the art of acting, as in every other art. But Mr. Booth's gestures are perhaps somewhat redundant. Sometimes a monotony is discoverable, and the illustration ceases to illustrate. For my own part, I wait for *Richelieu*, and for yet other characters which Mr. Booth is to play. The variety of his repertory is of itself a proof of the versatility of his mind and the range of his physical means.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. PHIPPS, the architect of the new Princess's, has hardly had the opportunity of distancing his previous feats by his work upon the new playhouse. The position of the theatre is peculiar; breadth (from the prompter's side to “opposite prompter”) and depth (from the curtain to the back of the pit or boxes) had to be sacrificed, and the height of the theatre was necessarily made as great as was possible. Accordingly, the auditorium has not the proportions which are most pleasing to the eye, nor those which are most conducive to easy sight of the performance; but, under the circumstances, it is probable that the best has been done. There is much glow, and even gaiety, in the colours selected. We do not know that this is wrong in a theatre. It has been suggested that the brilliance of hue might have been left to the dresses of the ladies, and the building itself—its wall and panel surface—treated as a background; but this, we are inclined to think, is to mistake the conditions of theatrical decoration. Details of dress tell sufficiently in a private room, and the walls may there fairly be a quiet background. At the theatre, details of dress, seen inevitably from a distance, would be too much lost. The house itself requires gaiety, though not gaudiness. Absolving Mr. Phipps, therefore, from any blame in this matter, we are inclined to pass on to give a hint to the manager. If the Princess's Theatre is decently ventilated, they should be able to give us more gas there—lights scattered about in the auditorium—so that the people in the boxes may be plainly visible, at least between the acts. It is rarely now that they are, in London. At the Lyceum, we remarked but lately, an aesthetic gloom was dominant. The light, if it was not “religious,” was “solemn” and distinctly “dim.”

WE regret to hear that Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) is prevented, for a time, from resuming her stage performances at the New Sadler's Wells or any other theatre. She is going, or has already gone, abroad. There is, however, every reason to hope that she will be on the stage again before the end of the winter.

THAT Miss Harriett Jay—Mr. Robert Buchanan's sister-in-law, and the authoress of the extremely powerful and successful novel, *The Queen of Connaught*—has decided to appear before a London audience as an interpreter of her own work, in its dramatised version, we are very glad to hear. It is only regrettable that the Crystal Palace—which is London only in name—should have been chosen as the scene of so interesting an experiment. It is bad enough to have to go occasionally to so remote a suburb as Sloane Square, but the playgoer can reach Sydenham only by yet more wearisome journeys. We trust the performance will be repeated in London.

WE are pleased to chronicle that *The Lady of Lyons* with Mr. Warner as Claude Melnotte and Miss Isabel Bateman as Pauline has proved a striking success at Sadler's Wells. For the present we believe it remains in the bills; but, by Mrs. Bateman's system of frequent change, it will not long continue to be performed.

MIDDLE SARAH BERNHARDT has made her first appearance in New York; where the public was naturally wrought to a high pitch of enthusiasm both by the expectation of her performance and by the realisation of it.

MUSIC.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ETC.

THE twenty-third season of these well-known concerts commenced on Monday, November 8. Herr Straus will be leading violinist till the

arrival of Mme. Norman-Néruda early in December. Herr Joachim will appear on February 21, 1881, and remain till the end of the season. Signor Piatti will hold the post of first violoncello, Herr L. Ries that of second violin, Herr Straus or Mr. Zerbini will play viola, and Mr. Zerbini, as usual, will officiate as accompanist for the whole season. The following pianists are announced:—Mlle. Janotha, Mlle. Marie Krebs, Miss A. Zimmermann, Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Barth, Herr Brüll, and Mr. Eugène d'Albert. The programme of the first concert included an interesting novelty—viz., Mozart's serenade in E flat major for two oboes, two clarionets, two horns, and two bassoons (Messrs. Dubruet, Horton, Lazarus, Egerton, Mann, Standen, Wotton, and Haveron). This work is the last but one of twelve pieces to which Mozart affixed the title of “Serenade.” The last, in C minor, for wind instruments (written in 1782), was subsequently arranged by the composer as a quintet for strings. The serenade in E flat consists of five movements—an *allegro*, *adagio*, and *finale*, and two *minuets*. The music is simple and pleasing, there is a constant flow of melody, and the developments, though clever, are clear and quite easy to follow. Mozart shows a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of the various instruments for which he writes, and knows well how to interest in turn all the performers. The scoring is wonderfully delicate, and from beginning to end most effective. The first *minuet* and following *adagio* are perfect gems. The work was splendidly performed, and the cordial manner in which it was received will perhaps encourage Mr. Arthur Chappell to produce more “wind” novelties. Mlle. Janotha played Mendelssohn's *andante* with variations in E flat, and gave a very neat and finished, though somewhat cold, rendering of this favourite piece. She met with a hearty reception, and as an *encore* played Mendelssohn's *capriccio* (op. 16, No. 2). Signor Piatti performed Locatelli's sonata in D; and the programme concluded with Beethoven's trio (op. 11) for piano, clarionet, and violoncello (Mlle. Janotha and MM. Lazarus and Piatti).

Another serenade by Mozart was performed for the first time in England at the Crystal Palace last Saturday. It is entered in the composer's catalogue as “Eine kleine Nachtmusik 2 Violini, Viola e Bassi,” and was written in 1787. It is not such an interesting work as the serenade above mentioned, yet it contains some charming writing. Though it was beautifully played, the stringed orchestra of the Crystal Palace seemed too loud and heavy for this light and delicate work, which would be more effective, we think, if performed with fewer instruments. The first piece in the programme was Berlioz's interesting and romantic symphony, *Harold in Italy* (*viola obbligato*, Herr L. Straus). The great success which this work has obtained in England since its revival in 1878 under the direction of Mr. Hallé induces us to hope that *entrepreneurs* and conductors will not forget the fact that *Harold* is the third of four symphonies by Hector Berlioz. The work was magnificently performed on Saturday; and the Mozart serenade which followed formed a marked and by no means disagreeable contrast. Mme. Koch-Bossenberger, from the Royal Opera of Hanover, made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and also at St. James's Hall on Monday. She has a good voice, and sings with taste and expression. Besides other songs, she chose a *concert-aria* by Mozart, and on Monday “Ach, ich liebte,” from *Die Entführung*, two pieces which require a voice of unusual compass. In the former, Mozart has written for the voice up to F in *Alt*. The vocalist certainly showed great agility, but in the high notes the intonation was not of the purest.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.